SHOWTIME

AUGUST 1967

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LYNN REDGRAVE on marriage

SYLVA KOSCINA in Hollywood

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inside

AUGUST 1967—No. 44 (Vol. 4, No. 8)

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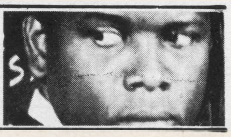

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NEXT MONTH:

Stars on location. And we're there to greet 'em, meet 'em and talk to them. You can meet them too—the big names and the new ones: Julie Andrews, James Coburn, Julie Christie, Jerry Lewis . . .

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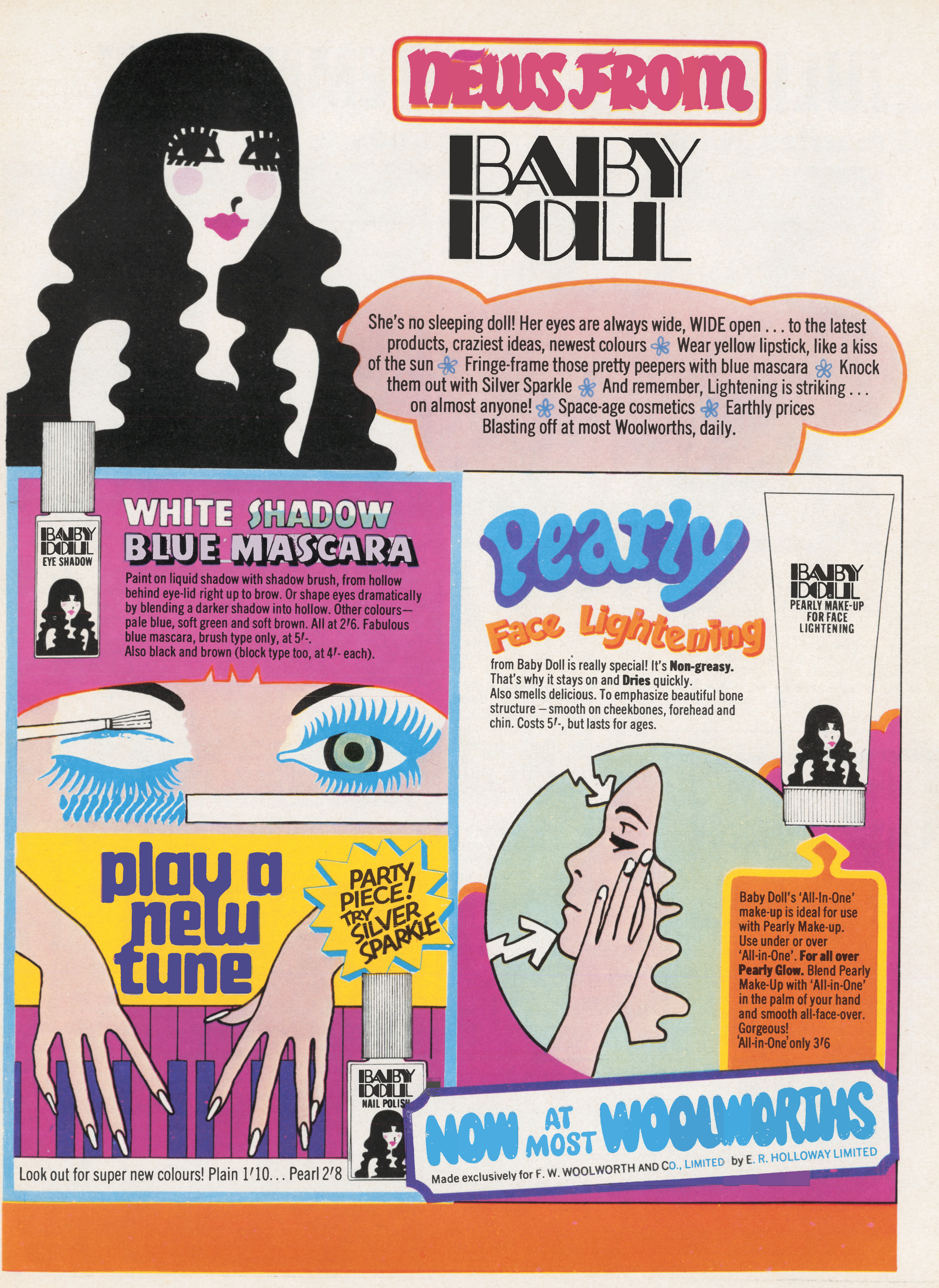

NEWS FROM

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JULIE
marries Kildare

Julie Christie still avoids marriage like the plague—even on-screen where her hubby-tally is fairly low. However, after Tom Courtenay, Oskar Werner and Alan Bates, she's now wed to old Doc Kildare himself, Richard Chamberlain, in *Petulia*, Britain's first-ever American-made film.

Director Richard Lester is the man who has teamed them up, and co-star George C. Scott is the one who puts them asunder. Also in the cast (a typical Lester signing) is the first real U.S. hip-satirist, kooky Stan Freberg. He should fit well into a film which comes from a book called *Me And The Arch Kook, Petulia*. "But God knows what the finished title will be," comments Lester, who as usual, is shooting his entire picture on location—in San Francisco.

Julie hates all locations—unless her mates are along; thus she won't be leaving her heart in 'Frisco! Of the film she says: "It's a sad comedy, really. About a love affair between a surgeon, who has left his wife and two children, and Petulia, an English girl who is married to an American—happily or unhappily we're never quire sure."

"Julie is absolutely perfect for the role," comments Lester. "I mean, the part *is* her."

TONY CRAWLEY

Monkee Business

Believe it or not, a promoter in the States wants to stage a "rock battle" at Wembley Stadium, with a replay at the Los Angeles Colliseum. The contestants? The Monkees and the Beatles. He must be joking—our chaps would make monkeys out of them!

I'LL NEVER FORGET WOTSITSNAME!

Having just completed another five films in Hollywood, Universal Pictures cabled the good news to London, with the following footnote:

Battle Horns *is now called* Counterpoint; The Winning Position *is now* Nobody's Perfect; Criss-Cross *is now* New Face In Hell; The Epic Of Josie *is now* Meanwhile, Back At The Ranch; *and* Meanwhile Far From The Front *is now* Harry Frigg.

Get it? Got it? Good!

P.S. *Stanley Baker calmly tells me he'll film the novel,* A Girl Like Me—*as* A Man Of Leisure!

HEMMINGS'
finds a Gayle

This is Gayle Hunnicutt, the bright new Texas beauty whom all the world has been hearing so much about . . . the girl who came, saw and undeniably conquered Britain's hottest new star, David Hemmings, at a Hollywood party. He brought her back to London after finishing *Camelot*, and took her to Turkey to help ease his three-month stint on *The Charge Of The Light Brigade*. And it was in Ankara that he suddenly announced their engagement.

Whether this means that Gayle's career is over before it has really started has yet to be seen. She debuts in *New Face In Hell*, a tough thriller starring George Peppard, as a private eye, and Raymond Burr, as a white-haired villain. "I'm the girl in between," explains Gayle, 24, cuddling David's first gift to her, a miniature Yorkshire terrier called "Dog"!

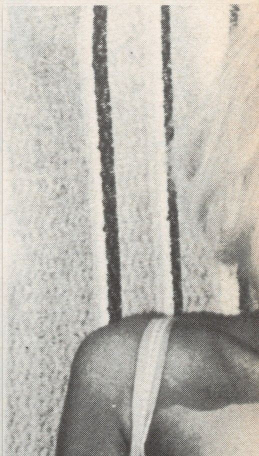
Married at 19, divorced at 23, Hemmings is now 25, and admits he is not the easiest person in the world to live with. "But Gayle, I think, understands me." Says Gayle: "Him, yes, but not all he says. I guess our meeting was fate—bizarre anyway. In a Hollywood loo! He was charging in, I was coming out."

MY ALPHA-BEAUTIES

J.J. . . is for

JACQUELINE JONES

She started in show-business as Lynn Shaw, and then in a zippy piece of image-changing joined the twin initialled ranks. "And I've never looked back, since," boasts Jackie. No wonder! With her looks, that figure, and her fine comedy talent, Miss Jones is always in demand in films and cabaret. At the moment, cabaret—"so much fun"—is winning.



DORIS

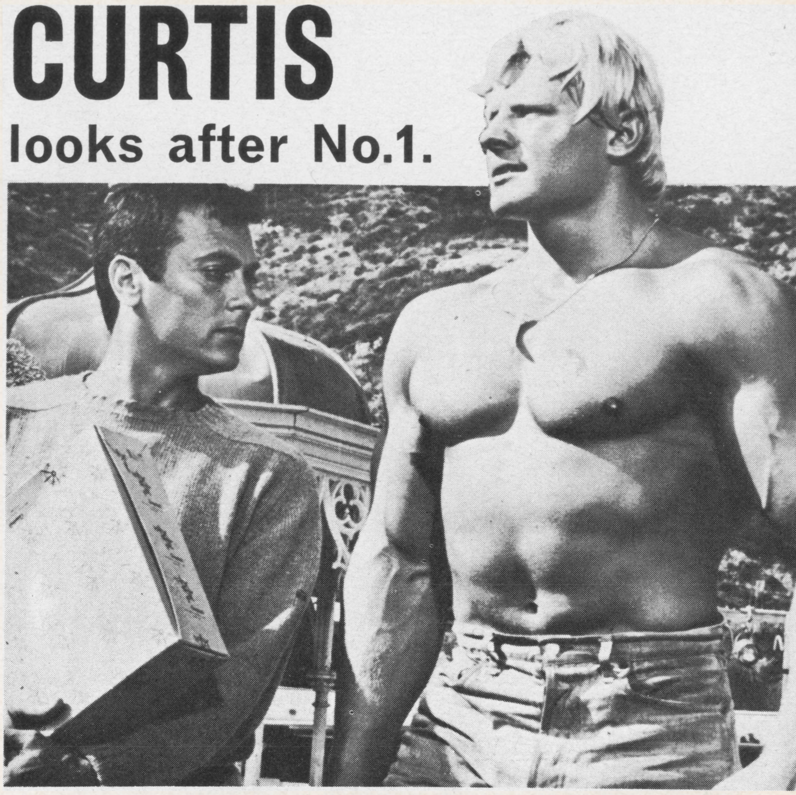
gives in to TV

Doris Day has succumbed at last. Not to some leading man (that still never happens without marriage), but to a tougher, far more ardent suitor—TV. After a year-long campaign for her autograph, America's CBS network has finally persuaded Doris to headline her own comedy series, to replace Lucille Ball's, which packs up in a couple of seasons. Not that CBS has much to crow about. Doris and her wily manager-hubby, Marty Melcher, nearly own the network as a result of the long financial wheeling and dealing. They certainly own the series, lock, stock and negative! From first reports, the evening Day series will cost about £40,000 a time to make, and in case you're tempted to sell your socks, the cost of a 60-second commercial during this highest-priced 30-minute show will be £33,000—against Lucille's £26,000 breaks.

And now that Doris has given in—and goes off to buy another bank or two—the TV networkers are hoping to bag some more of the top screen stars who have steadfastly held out against lucrative mini-screen offers. Jack Lemmon, James Stewart and John Wayne in particular. That'll be the day . . . Still, they used to say that about Doris.

CURTIS

looks after No.1.



Tony Curtis may not look the beefcake-king he was, when faced with David "Mr. Universe" Draper in Hollywood's *Don't Make Waves*—**but Tony can still look after himself . . . however foolishly. Take his latest assignment:** *On My Way To The Crusades, I Met A Girl Who . . .*, **co-starring Monica Vitti in Italy, with ex-scriptwriter Pasquale Festa Campanile directing. Or, at least, directing Monica, and the Italian cast. Curtis himself was in a do-it-yourself mood.**

In a clumsy effort to overcome the difficulty of working with a man who couldn't speak English, Tony apparently had a clause written into his contract, enabling him to direct himself! Poor Campanile would explain through an interpreter what he wanted, then Curtis would simply announce how ***he*** **would play the scene. Ludicrous of course. Why hire an Italian to direct an Italian comedy in Italy, if you're not willing to make full use of his obvious knowhow. So no new Tony! Instead we are bound to get the same old Curtis, the same old mannerisms.**

To me, the whole set-up sounds like a script for some farce called *Italy—American Style*.

$UCCE$$ $TORY

20th Century-Fox was the film company in dire straits a few years ago. Look at them now. They've just announced they have 11 films awaiting release which cost close to £19-million, and have planned 14 more, plus maybe an additional 16 costing a further £25-million—and they've reserved another £19-million for TV series!

Georgy's BOY

Lynn Redgrave got all the publicity, but her *Georgy Girl* director isn't doing so badly, either. He's the ex-TV director Silvio Narizzano and he's been whisked to Hollywood to make *Blue*, with Robert Redford, and *The Piano Sport*.

MEMO FROM NIMMO

Last word (I hope!) on the *Casino Royale* fracas from Derek Nimmo, whose superb plumminess is in everything worthwhile on stage, screen, TV and even steam-radio.

"One day," he told me, "four different studio cars arrived at my home bearing different pages of script—none of which featured my part at all! Next, a whole stack of script arrived. At the studio, a producer asked me if I'd seen the script; I showed him this stack of stuff—he snatched it from me and ran off. I never saw it again!"

Then, the gag which misfired twice. "In a David Niven scene, I had to say: '*Sorry I'm late sir, I've been de-coding the pigeon*.' Someone shouted: '*No, that won't work. Send for the writers!*' So David and I sat around chatting until very late afternoon when we shot it again: '*Sorry I'm late sir, I've been de-coding the stand-by pigeon*.' Never really understood it. An American in-joke, I gathered. But it never made the finished film."

However, unlike most of *Casino*'s vast cast, Derek had one scene which he knew full well would remain — when Niven's stutter went. "John Huston had David stutter originally. None of the four other directors liked it. So Val Guest had to write a special line for David to explain to me why the stutter had suddenly disappeared . . .!"

One of these days someone is going to make an album of Italian songs and dare to leave out *Arrivederci Roma*. Perry Como is not that someone, although he almost made it. This particular number is the very last one on his new LP, ***Perry Como In Italy*** (*RCA Victor*).

Perry, whose voice is ideally suited to romantic ballads, has managed to include several lesser known Italian songs and they help to give the album a fresh appeal.

Songs on the album include: *Souvenir d'Italie; Oh Marie; Forget Domani; E Lei;* and, of course, *Arrivederci Roma*.

"We had to include it," is Perry's view. "No record of Italian songs is complete without it."

There's value for money on a new *Music For Pleasure* LP titled ***Hits' 67***. As the sleeve note says, the collection is more than merely a bunch of songs which made the charts. They are songs which stand a very good chance of becoming evergreens.

Among those included are: *Edelweiss*, from *The Sound Of Music; Penny Lane*, the Beatle hit; *This Is My Song*, the Charlie Chaplin number; and *Green, Green, Grass Of Home*, the Tom Jones chart topper.

A note on the record sleeve asks: *Can you tell the difference between these and the original sounds?* The answer is *Yes*. But, at 12/6, who's complaining?

Another album that is well worth your attention is ***Dinah Washington's Greatest Hits*** (*Mercury*). On this record are a dozen of her biggest successes and many of them have been specially re-recorded to update the backings.

Almost all the songs on the LP are memorable. Side one includes *Dream; Teach Me Tonight; If I Should Lose You;* and *The Song Is Ended*. And side two is equally impressive . . . *This Bitter Earth; Unforgettable; September In The Rain;* and *I Wanna Be Loved*.

All the backings are provided by Quincy Jones—another good reason for buying this album.

Thirty years ago Shirley Temple was all the rage. She was a bigger star than Sandie, Dusty and Cilla put together. On a new LP, ***Little Miss Wonderful*** (*MFP*), you can hear some of the numbers which helped to take Shirley to the top and made her the idol of millions.

All the songs were featured in Shirley's films. There's *On The Good Ship Lollipop* from *Bright Eyes; I Love To Walk In The Rain* from *Just Around The Corner; Animal Crackers* from *Curly Top;* and *We Should Be Together* from *Little Miss Broadway*.

Although today's teenagers will find the LP unbelievably square, mums and dads will remember many of the songs with affection. They may even have been responsible for some of the 15,000 letters that used to arrive at her studio every day.

Nino Tempo and April Stevens always manage to make their records sound just a little more polished than nine out of ten recording artists. Listen to their new LP, ***All Strung Out*** (*London*) and you'll see what I mean.

In their inimitable style, they move easily through a dozen songs and each one is superbly handled.

Side one kicks off with *You'll Be Needing Me Baby; Help You To See; Follow Me;* and *Little Child*. Side two includes *Sunny; Out Of Nowhere; Bye Bye Blues;* and *Wings Of Love*.

As the sleeve note claims, the album does, indeed, meet the demands of the most discerning collector. It's a gem.

Roy Orbison has never been a great favourite of mine but I have to admit he has a style all of his own and he knows how to get the most out of a song.

Most of the numbers on his new album, ***Orbisongs*** (*Monument*), were written by him—*Oh, Pretty Woman; Dance; Goodnight*, etc.—but those that weren't fit in well.

My favourites are the Gene Pitney number, *22 Days; Let The Good Times Roll;* and the Orbison-Melson song, *Sentimental*.

American satire leaves much to be desired. By our standards it lacks style, sharpness and, most of all, direction. On a new LP, ***Lyndonland*** (*Ember*), however, Mischa Perz and Willie Sanders have come up with a slice of satire that is highly amusing and razor sharp.

The record is, in fact, a cheery attack on L.B.J. Lyndon's family, friends and foes are all brought into it and Hollywood mimic, Walker Edmiston, has brilliantly "caught" the great man's soft Texan drawl.

One of my favourite cracks comes when L.B.J. tells Vice-President Humphrey: "We're alone now. There's no need to call me Mr. President . . . Just call me Mr. Johnson."

SUSAN DELL

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JOHN BARNETT

NEVER HAPPIER. Lynn Redgrave and her actor husband John Clark look ahead to a bright future after their whirlwind romance and wedding in New York. "It was quick, yes," agrees Lynn with a giggle. At the moment, Lynn is finishing her satire film, *Smashing Time* (right), in which she and close chum Rita Tushingham come down from the North to take Swinging London by storm. Then the youngest member of the shining Redgrave family—"there are rumours that there are ten of us; another story is that we're all one . . . including my father!"—wants to start a family. As she says: "You can act for ever. But you can't have babies for ever."

'We
a baby...

LYNN REDGRAVE talks to

want now'

TONY CRAWLEY

Here I am in a bedroom of an old house in north-west London. With Lynn Redgrave. Discussing marriage! Her marriage (suddenly in New York) to British actor John Clark, who used to be radio's *Just William.*

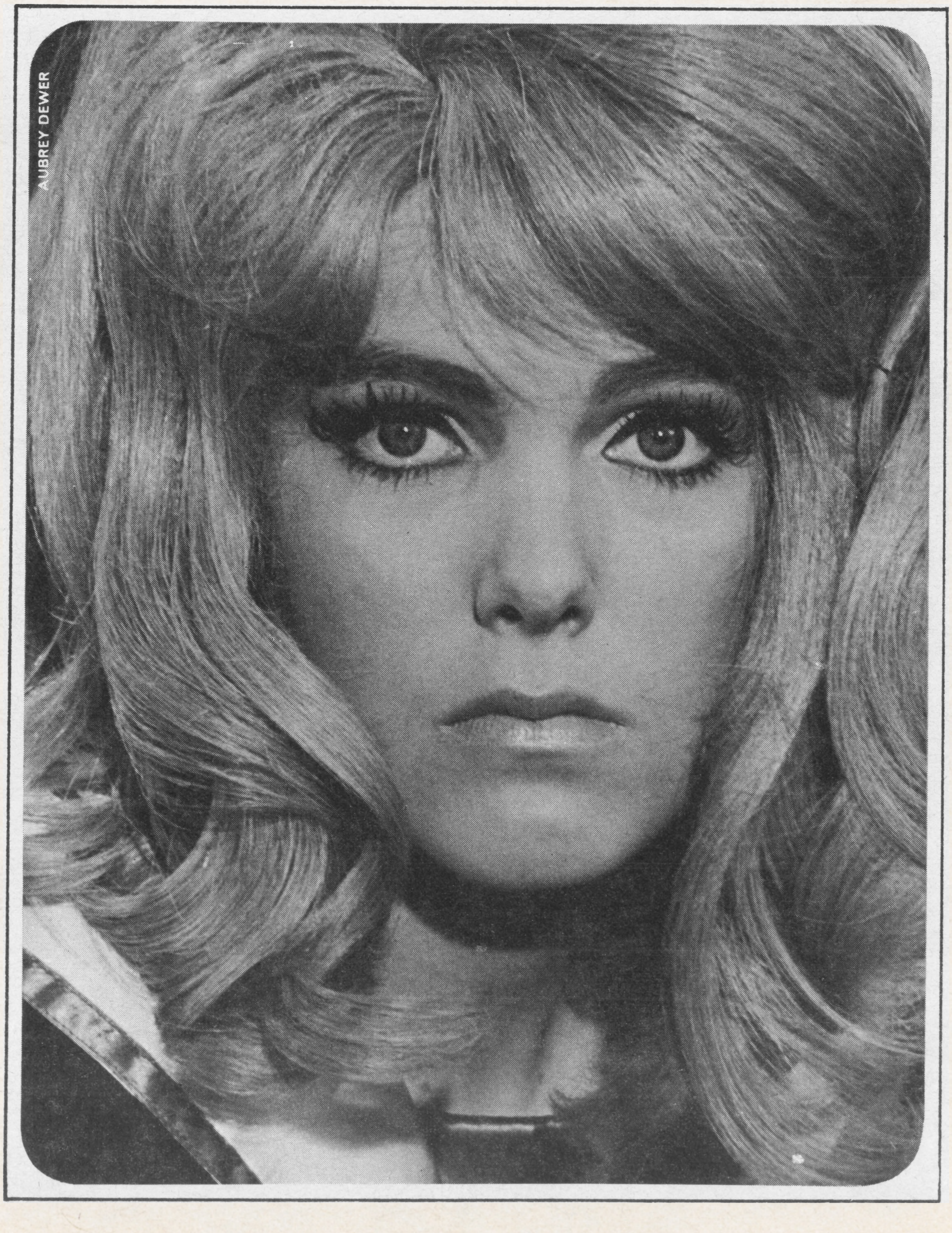
And the bedroom? It's really her dressing-room, for the old house has been tarted up a bit and is being used as a "field studio" for Lynn's swinging London satire film, *Smashing Time.*

How was it that blonde, 23-year-old Lynn came to meet John who, at 34, looks as young, if not younger, than she does?

"We met first in a TV play, *What's Wrong With Humpty Dumpty?*" says Lynn. "But then we were just sort of quite friendly. Then we met again in, I think, the first week I was in New York in December for the *Black Comedy* play." She laughs happily: "And there we were." The laugh subsides into a glowing smile, as she admits: "It was quite quick, yes."

Very quick, in fact—and the best kept romance secret of the year. So much so that when *Time* magazine put the Redgrave girls on its cover in mid-April, it summed up Lynn as a remarkably mature young woman who knew what she wanted in life: her career and "*all the fun of being single*". But in no time at all she was married and announcing a temporary retirement in order to start a family, anticipating "several children!"

☛ 40



AUBREY DEWER

The rumours are flying . . . Richard Harris, they say, is giving up the acting game to run his own bar in New York. Such stories do much for the wild Irishman's image. But Richard, after his post-*Camelot* vacation, is, in fact, making a Western for his own company in Spain. No doubt about it, there's only one word for the star of *Caprice*—capricious!

HOLLYWOOD—CASTING

STELLA STEVENS:
Sol Madrid; Hammerhead.
LEE MARVIN:
Point Blank.
ANTHONY QUINN:
A Wall For San Sebastian; Shoes Of The Fisherman.
BARBRA STREISAND:
Funny Girl; Hello Dolly; On A Clear Day You Can See Forever.
ROBERT SHAW:
The Nine-Tiger Man.
ROBERT REDFORD:
Blue.
ELVIS PRESLEY:
Bumble Bee O' Bumble Bee; Pot Luck; Crew Cut; Flying Away.

FILMS

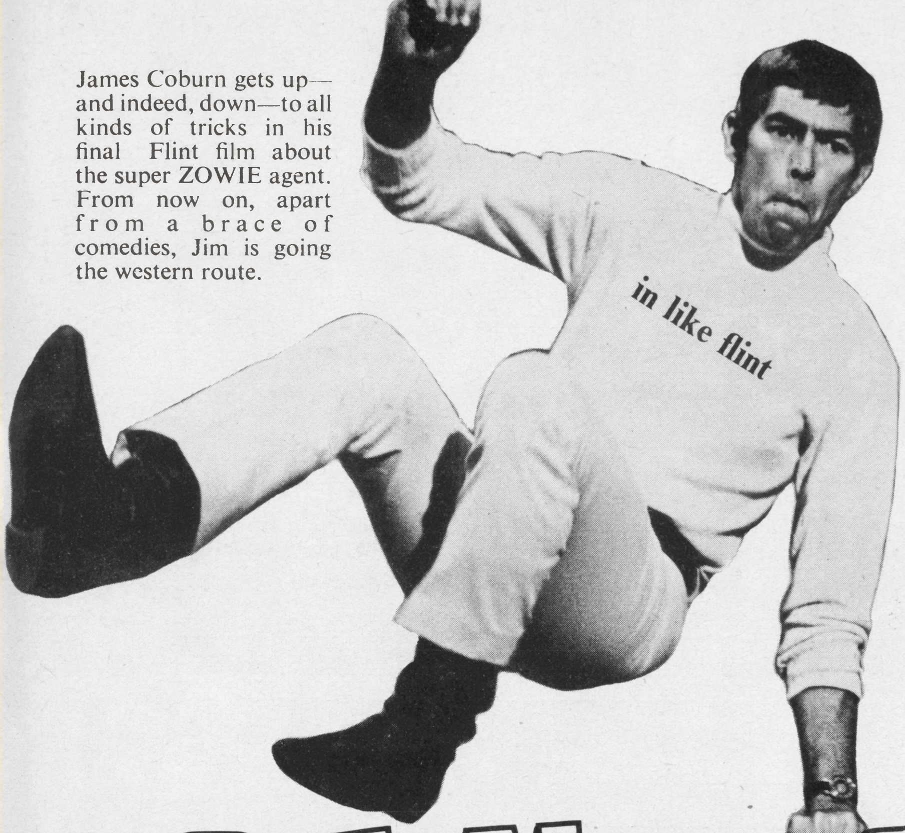
Biggest draw in Thailand's cinemas, is, needless to say, Sean Connery. Or it was . . . the Thais are now eagerly awaiting the big-screen arrival of their very own first star-export. She's an effervescent bundle of a Buddhist called Marayat Andriane, and she makes her acting debut as Richard Attenborough's girl in

the sand pebbles

With luck, Marayat will prove to be more than just this year's France Nuyen. However, like the enchanting Miss Nuyen—and even Nancy Kwan, whose smiling face was supposed to be *so* international—Marayat realises that roles for Asiatics and Orientals, however stunning, are not that plentiful. Not that she should worry; she has much to fall back on. Back home in Bangkok, Marayat is not just a local girl made good, but made good yet again! She's the daughter of a leading Thai diplomat, Khun Bibdh Vireggakia, and is married to another diplomat, Frenchman Louis Jacques Andriane, director of SEATO administration. Even without films then, she lives high, be it in Bangkok, Paris or Rome.

Until Robert Wise's talent scouts spotted her adorable features in Paris, Marayat was "just another housewife"—albeit a high society one, arranging weekly dinner parties for visiting SEATO delegates and modelling in Queen Sikirit's charity fashion shows. No wonder she wasn't that impressed with Hollywood. "Most houses there had only one servant," she comments, with the best grace in the world. "I have four at home, including my own personal maid."

COMING YOUR WAY



in like flint

James Coburn gets up—and indeed, down—to all kinds of tricks in his final Flint film about the super ZOWIE agent. From now on, apart from a brace of comedies, Jim is going the western route.

khartoum

Adventure romp-roles rely more on personality than on dramatic finesse, so Richard Johnson loves a chance to tackle a finely-etched acting characterisation when he can. He gets his way in *Khartoum*, and shines, even up against the powerful performances of Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier. Now in Greece, Johnson has found another big challenge—Creon in *Oedipus The King*, director Philip Saville's screen version of *Oedipus Rex*. Once again the acting opposition is tough: Christopher Plummer and Orson Welles. "But that's the way I like it!"

the magnificent two

How does a comic test his jokes? How does a double-act know if a new routine will really lay 'em in the aisles? Big and mini-screen clowns Morecambe and Wise have found the answer—in Ernie Wise's father-in-law, Harry Blyth. "He's our very own patent laugh-barometer," says Ernie, the one with the short, fat hairy legs and the good looks. "I show him all our scripts. If he laughs then I know the public will laugh, for he's uncannily accurate."

"True, true," adds the doleful Eric Morecambe. "And if he doesn't laugh at our third film, I'll smash his face in!" Judging from his pained reaction, Harry's heard that line before . . .

DUEL

Some legends are true. And usually they are the most unbelievable. Certainly the mythical-sounding yarns they still spin in India about a British policeman and a bandit-warrior called Sultan are authentic.

Idealists both, flung by position and circumstance on opposing sides amid the Himalayan foothills, these men are the highly personable protagonists in Ken Annakin's £1,000,000 Pinewood production, *The Long Duel*.

It is a lengthy, arduous, blood-bath of a duel. Only one man—one side—can win. The other must die, or be crushed in the attempt.

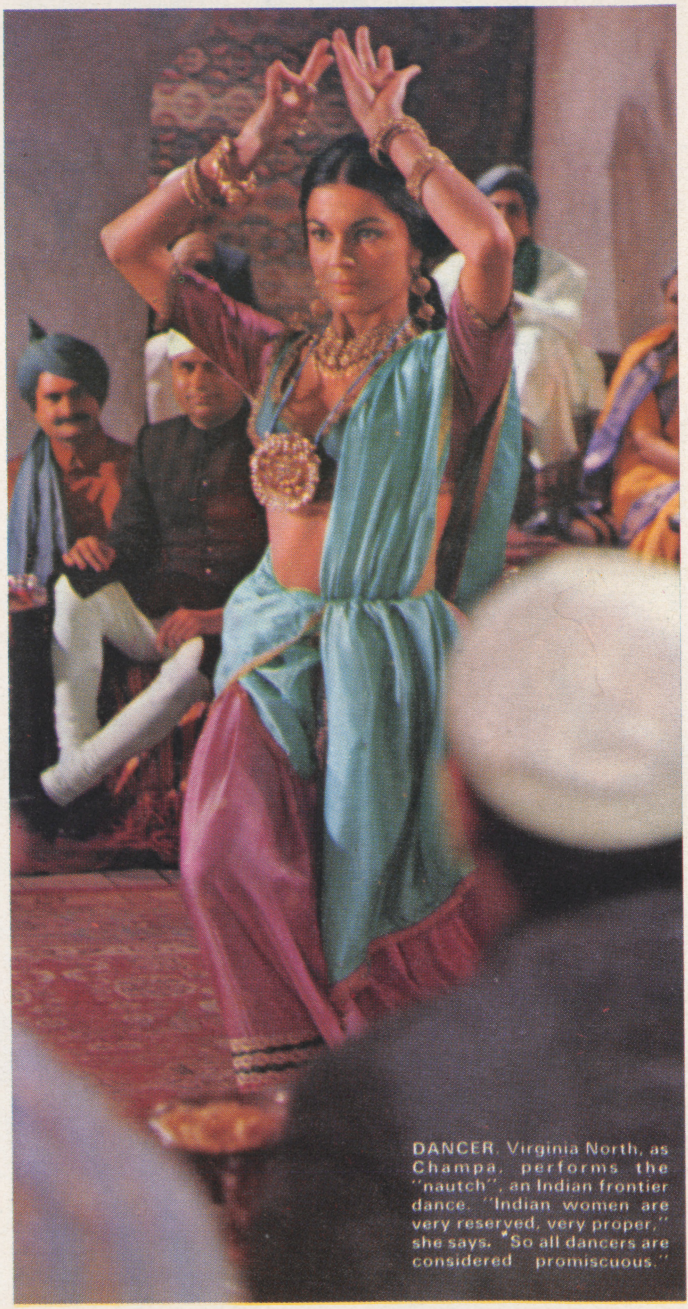
On one side is the officious side of law and order, represented by policeman Freddy Young; enigmatic, unruly, "a bit of a misfit" according to his colleagues. It is a part almost written with Trevor Howard in mind. On the other side is his foe, Sultan, the leader of the simple, nomadic Bhanta tribe, who proves to be a magnificent warrior. It is another stirring adventure role for Yul Brynner.

Both men have more than a sneaking respect for the other. Both are honest in their causes. But principles get out of hand in this remote chapter of Indian history set during the British rule of the 1920s.

Young is aghast when the Bhanta tribe is interned following complaints of petty poaching. He's not much happier when, after Sultan and a small band of his men escape, he is assigned to the tricky task of bringing them back.

For the Sultan, the main objective is survival. He fiercely rejects violence as the means to achieve this end, but knows he will have to resort to gathering more men—and more weapons—to secure his people's freedom. But wherever he goes, Young's men are not far behind.

The two men meet, in fact, when Sultan attends public worship at a village shrine—and the policeman spares the bandit's life. Only later does Young discover that ten of his men were murdered during the ceremony. Shocked at last into playing things the way of his strict chief, Capt. Stafford, he sets a trap for Sultan—with the tribe's women and children as the bait . . .



DANCER. Virginia North, as Champa, performs the "nautch", an Indian frontier dance. "Indian women are very reserved, very proper," she says. "So all dancers are considered promiscuous."

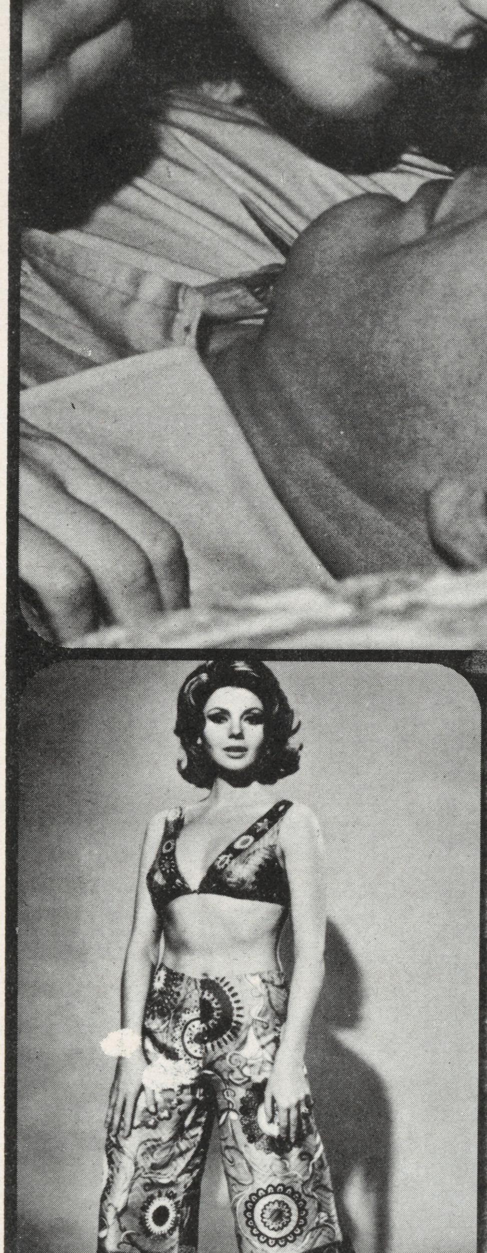
to the death

POLICEMAN. The trap is sprung and Trevor Howard shouts his ultimatum to the bandit leader, from the train which is carrying the Bhanta women and children, ostensibly, to "safety".

WARRIOR. Yul Brynner as Sultan, leader of the Bhanta bandits—fighting for the freedom of his tribe. Weary of the violence, he refuses to give up even to an enemy he respects.

How SYLVA stunned Hollywood

From:
IAN HAYNES
in Hollywood



'Et ees my dream come true . . . a very beeg dream . . ." Thus Sylva Koscina on her heady success in Hollywood. And Hollywood film folk have much the same feelings about Sylva, that sparkling European cocktail of Yugoslav allure with Italian trimmings.

She came Stateside to join Paul Newman—"what a man!"—in the World War II comedy, *Harry Frigg*. Within days of her starting work, director Jack Smight was ordering script re-writes to enlarge her role and accommodate her zestful screen personality, and her considerable talent. And all this with the fullest co-operation of co-star Paul, never the easiest of guys when a scene-stealer hits his set. Witness his visible distrust of Richard Boone in *Hombre*.

Next, Sylva was busy surveying real estate ads, searching for a Hollywood home to buy, when she was smartly whisked off to New York instead, to immediately start her second American picture. This is one of our new trend of tough, 'tec thrillers—*A Lovely Way To Die* with Kirk Douglas. A third big film—*Children At Their Games* co-starring Rock Hudson and Tom Stern—lies just around the next corner; and I'm reliably informed that—predictably—the Koscina cheque has already soared to 400,000 dollars per film! And that ain't hay . . . but *hey*! Admittedly her stunning nude Playboy layout of pictures opened many a tired old eye hereabouts, but the real reason why Sylva has stunned Hollywood into gasping submission, is her great experience and independence. She has, after all, made more films than most five Hollywood sex-bombs lumped together. And unlike our other Italian imports—Loren, Lollo, Cardinale, even young Catherine Spaak—there was no big producer, no huge studio combine, pushing this gal to the top. As she puts it: "Weeth Sylva, eet was just Sylva." And that is! more than enough for this Film City.

WHY I AM STAY

Q. You've gone on record as saying that conformity is one of the curses of the British people. Yet, at the same time, you complain that glamour today is being non-conformist; you cite long-haired pop-groups and way-out films where the camera never stands still.

A. I DO think we're far too conservative and conformist. As for the long-haired pop-art people being non-conformist—well, are they? They're merely copying others, such as the Beatles.

Now the Beatles are not boring at all. They're brilliant, way above everybody else in their field. Trouble is, so many others with much less talent attempt what the Beatles do so well. And they fail. They should try something new. The Beatles were responsible for the trend and a new method of music. Nobody can follow them.

As for the roaming camera—that was a trick that people have used rather glibly in the past. But, thank Heavens, new techniques have brought different methods.

Q. Talking of conformity, surely nothing conformed more than those Doctor films of yours. They stuck to an almost rigid code of British humour. Did you, perhaps, appear in them more in sorrow than from desire?

A. Yes, the *Doctor* films were conformist films; they always had the same pattern. They couldn't be played any other way and that's really why I left them. Anyway, I was growing too old for them—it was becoming obscene to be a student doctor at 40 or over. The pattern, too, was becoming tired. Even so, I think those films had a tremendous value for audiences.

One of the most important things to do as an entertainer is to make people laugh or feel happy or secure. The *Doctor* films—and I have proof of this—did just this. They may have been a bit jokey, but they did truthfully reflect ward life and in so doing, gave people a lot of security.

Of course, they were great fun to make and were lucrative, too. But in the end I felt I had nothing more to give them.

Q. You've said that that fine film of yours, King And Country, *wouldn't pay your income tax. Presumably, it didn't make much at the box office. Can the film industry afford to make these specialised subjects?*

A. All the films I make are on a percentage basis with a minimal salary because I believe this to be the only way to make pictures. After two years *King And Country* hasn't even covered its cost, which was only £81,000.

The truth is, most people just didn't want to go and see that type of picture. But I still think it was worth making for the small number that did. You can't *always* make purely entertainment pictures, after all.

The odd thing is that although *King And Country* didn't pay the rent, I won more awards for that than any other picture. And Tom Courtenay, of course, won the Venice Award for the Best Actor for his part.

So you win awards, get the satisfaction of having done a good cinematic job, but you make no money.

Because of this, however, I don't see that we should *stop* making pictures for the minority groups. Of course the British film industry can't afford them. But then, the films that we are making now are being financed by the Americans, anyway. The British will under-write only the sure-fire success; they're afraid to take risks. That's bad luck for us and the cinema-goers, too.

"I've had plenty of opportunities in the last year to go back to Hollywood but each time I've said No"

Q. I know you seek perfection; that you have immense integrity as an actor. But with your latest tally of pictures around the 45-46 mark, don't you ever get bored and tend to regard any film as "just another picture"?

A. No, never! A lot of those 45-46 pictures were learning pictures. Four or five of them I would say were quite good. A number were happy, jolly pictures—like the *Doctors*, *The Wind Cannot Read* and *Campbell's Kingdom*. Everyone enjoyed them and they made a lot of money.

But now I'm getting older, I intend making only pictures which I think matter. I've had plenty of opportunities in the last year or so to go back to Hollywood to do awful films which would have paid a great deal. But no: they were the old formula pictures which people like to see; frankly, I don't want any part of them. I'd rather stick it out here in the cold.

I waited a year, for instance, to make *Accident* with Joseph Losey, the director. But I wanted to make that film more than any other. That should answer your question about boredom.

Q. It's been reported that you love Britain but not its people. You say we have the herd instinct. As millions of us happen to be your public, isn't it rather hard for you to care whether or not you please us?

A. That remark about hating Britain was one reason why I said I would never give another interview. You're the exception. The gentleman who quoted me in that context was completely wrong. I certainly deplore the conformity and casualness of the British people today. I think we've got into a terrible state of '*my ladder's up, blow you Jack*'; it's appalling and it's dangerous.

But I certainly don't hate the British. How could I, when I'm British myself? In fact, I have had plenty of opportunity to uproot and live in Switzerland, the Bahamas or Bermuda, but I've never wanted to because, simply, I couldn't live anywhere but in this country and with my own people.

That doesn't stop me being critical of some people's behaviour. So many people here have lost the ability to work hard. This bothers me. I work hard for this country because I'm deeply proud of it. If I do offend some of those people whom I've criticised—then it's just bad luck.

Q. With more and more finance coming from the States to bolster pictures made in this country, can you ever really see a return to those fine pictures which were once the pride of our home product?

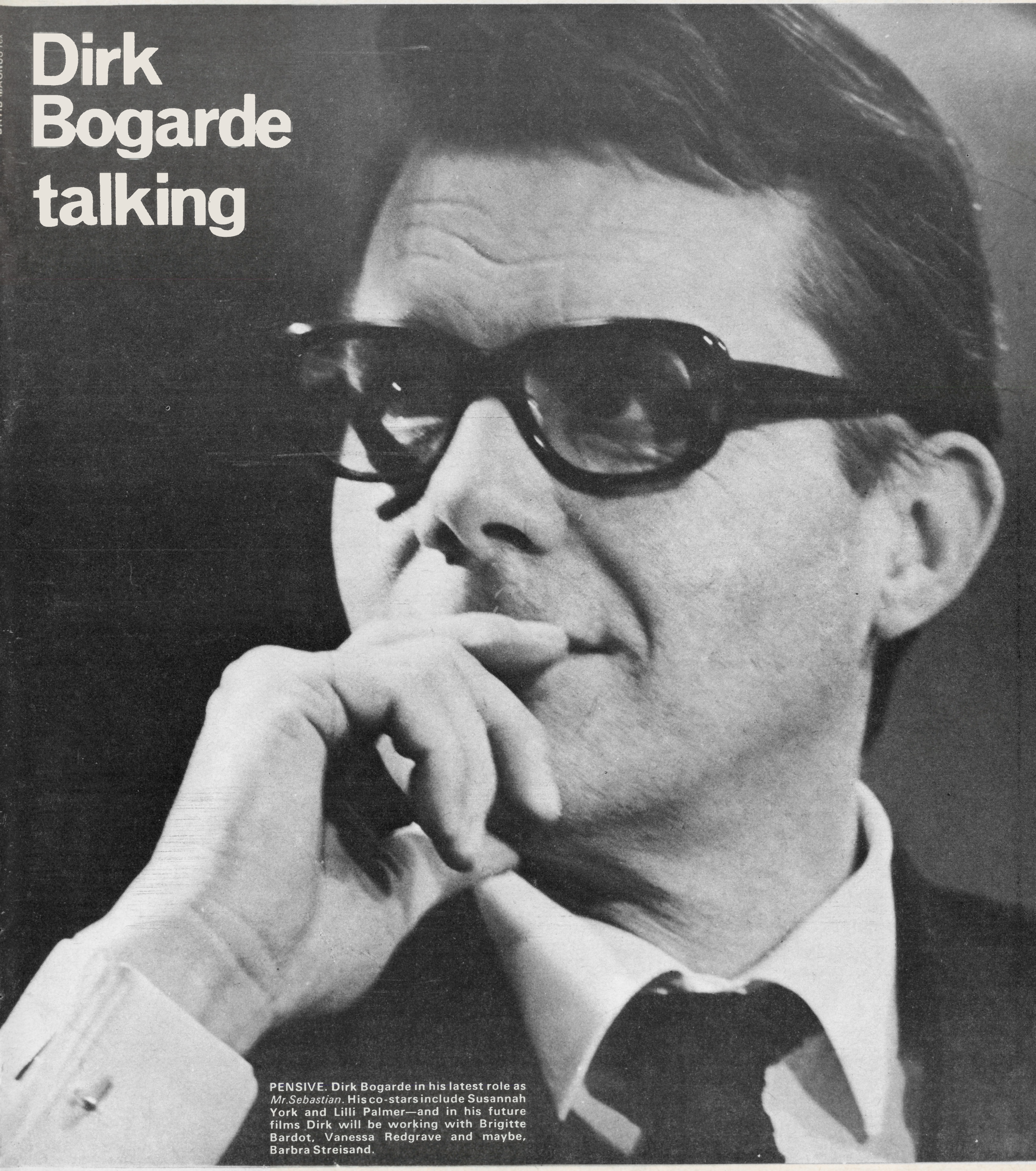
A. A difficult question. Money to make films—our own British films—just isn't forthcoming. It's the big American film companies who provide the finance which enables us to make pictures such as *Bridge On The River Kwai*, *Modesty Blaise*, *The Wrong Box*, *Alfie*—name almost any that are coming up now. But all the same, they ARE English products. There is very little interference from Hollywood.

Take my picture *Darling*. That was an English picture financed by American money. And nobody in America interfered in the slightest. Certainly they cut it a bit for themselves in the States, but this was because they have a different code of manners from us. Yet that film made Julie Christie an international star; and John Schlesinger a doubly better director. But if we'd relied on this country for the cash, the picture would never have been made at all.

☛

ING IN BRITAIN

Dirk Bogarde talking



PENSIVE. Dirk Bogarde in his latest role as *Mr.Sebastian*. His co-stars include Susannah York and Lilli Palmer—and in his future films Dirk will be working with Brigitte Bardot, Vanessa Redgrave and maybe, Barbra Streisand.

WHY I AM STAYING IN BRITAIN

Q. With people like Vanessa Redgrave singing in her new film, are you going to be forced to join the ever-increasing number of fine artists with something less than fine voices who are forced to warble on the screen?

A. I don't know what you mean by '*forced to warble*'. Nobody is *forced* to do anything for money. I think Vanessa Redgrave is absolutely splendid casting for *Camelot*—much better than having Debbie Reynolds or Mitzi Gaynor doing it.

She's playing the Queen of England and she'll certainly *look* like a Queen of England. Apart from that, I think she'll sing jolly well, too.

As a matter of fact, I've been asked to do a musical in America with Barbra Streisand. I shall certainly have to sing in it, too. I haven't had any singing lessons; they're far too exhausting. But I'm certain I shall manage to sing well enough—and better than Audrey Hepburn in *My Fair Lady*.

If you want a musical to have a balance of good acting as well, you must have a musical actor, and it's up to us to turn our hands to this sort of thing. Like Vanessa is doing. I hope—if this musical comes off—that I shall be as good as Vanessa.

Q. Your excellent narrations on TV documentaries prompt the question: when will we see you on the small screen other than very briefly or as a mere silhouette?

A. You won't—not in this country. British TV plays are badly photographed, badly written, appallingly directed—and they don't pay. Now when I appeared in *Blithe Spirit* on American TV, I received about £10,000, plus my expenses. It was in colour; I had Rosemary Harris, a wonderful actress, co-starring with me, and Joyce Grenfell. But before agreeing to do it, I insisted on a clause in my contract that it would never be seen over here.

And those narrations? I had belief in the two programmes I did—*The Epic That Never Was* and *The Spanish Civil War*. The commentaries were brilliantly written and I found them something new and exciting to do.

Q. You've always hated making personal appearances—probably with good reason, too. But why not more of the type of personal appearance you DID like making—on the stage?

A. Plays are too expensive to appear in to start with. You must stay in a play for a year at least, which means you have to carry it all that time. The strain is terrific. Honestly, I just don't think it's worth it.

Mind you, I'd love to go to repertory like the Aldwych or the National Theatre, or join a company like John Neville's in Nottingham, and vary the plays.

But not the long London run. I've seen too many people crack up; indeed, I've cracked up myself doing them.

And there was, for me, another horrific aspect. Most of the audience, say 90 per cent, had come to see not the play but a movie star. They had no respect for the production, or for the ten per cent of the audience who had. It was distressing and embarrassing. No, it really wasn't on any more.

Q. Finally, in a world of non-stop pop and ever-shrinking mini-skirts, what real future can a serious, dedicated actor such as yourself look forward to?

A. Ah, we've got to be careful what we say about pop. I think some of it is marvellous. The Beatles are simply marvellous. And mini-skirts on the right bodies are great. But really, isn't it all just part of a present-day trend?

Things alter and one must alter with them. There's always a future to look forward to. Something new to do, something different to experiment with. And we must all keep up with youth because if we don't, then we're going to get old and finished.

HUGH SAMSON

THEY SAY THE NILE STILL RUNS RED FROM THE BATTLE FOR KHARTOUM!

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"It is a sizzling extravaganza... I wanted to stand up and cheer" News of the World.

"THIS IS A MAGNIFICENT FILM" The People.

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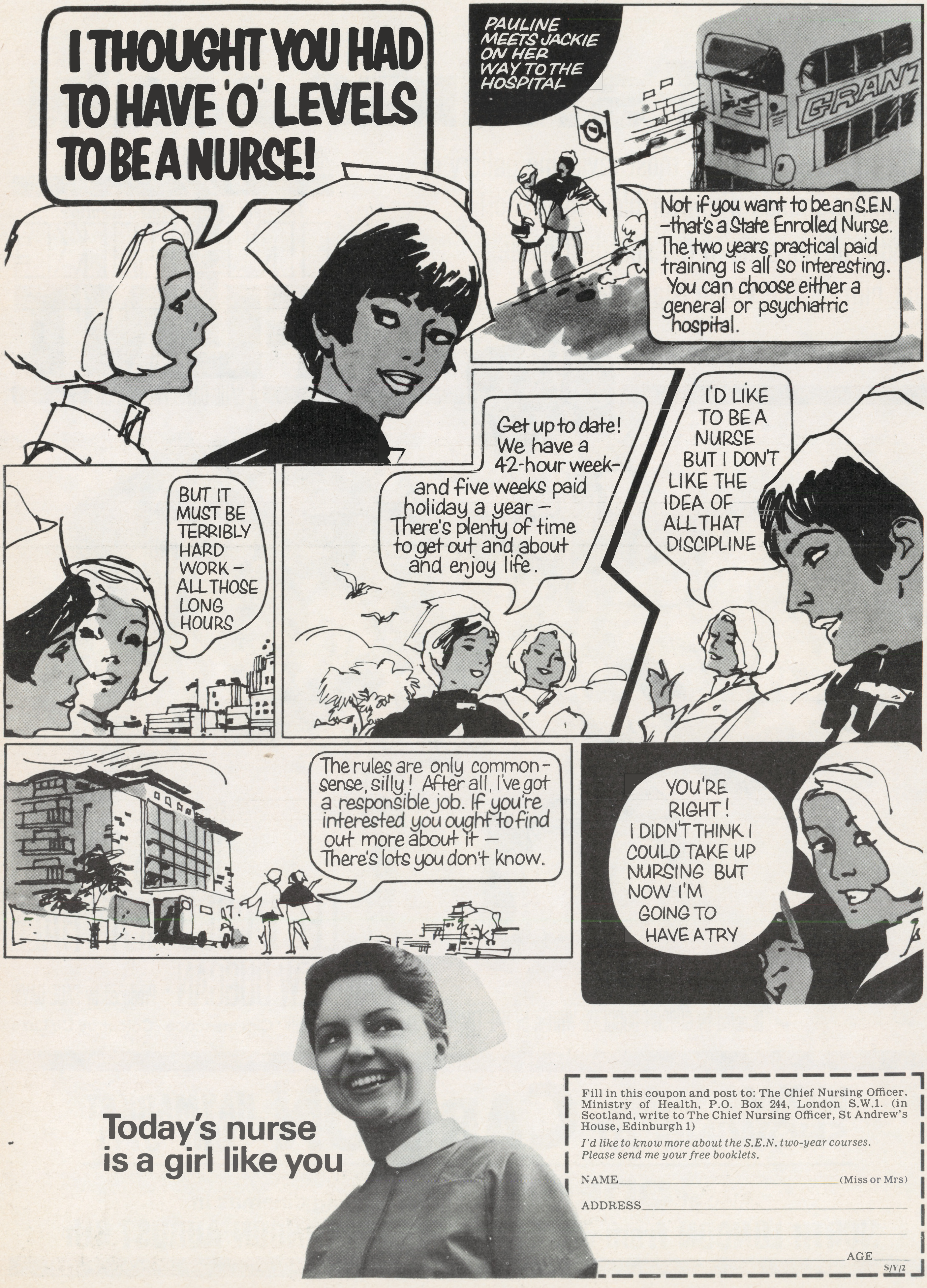
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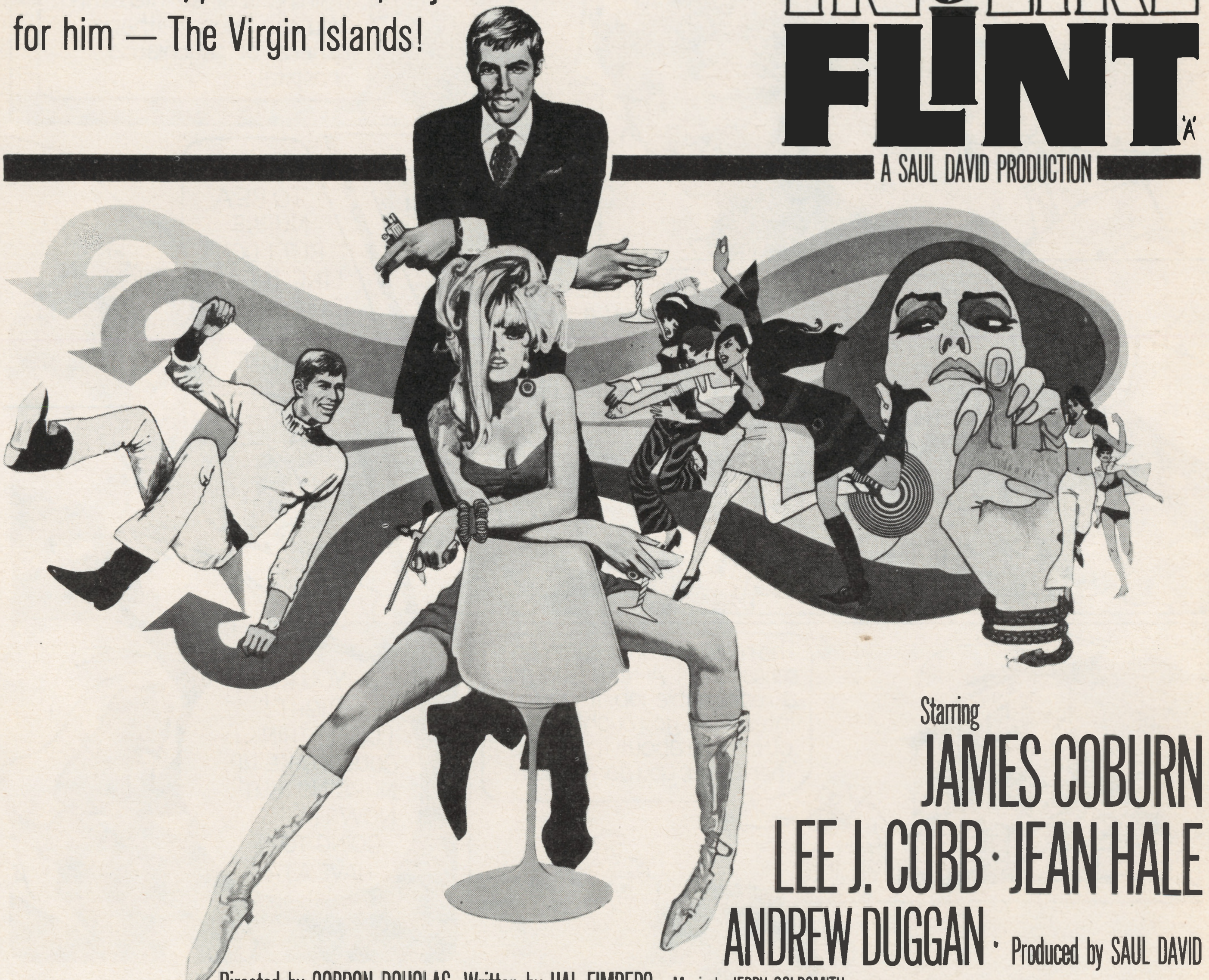

Starring

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LEE J. COBB · JEAN HALE

ANDREW DUGGAN · Produced by SAUL DAVID

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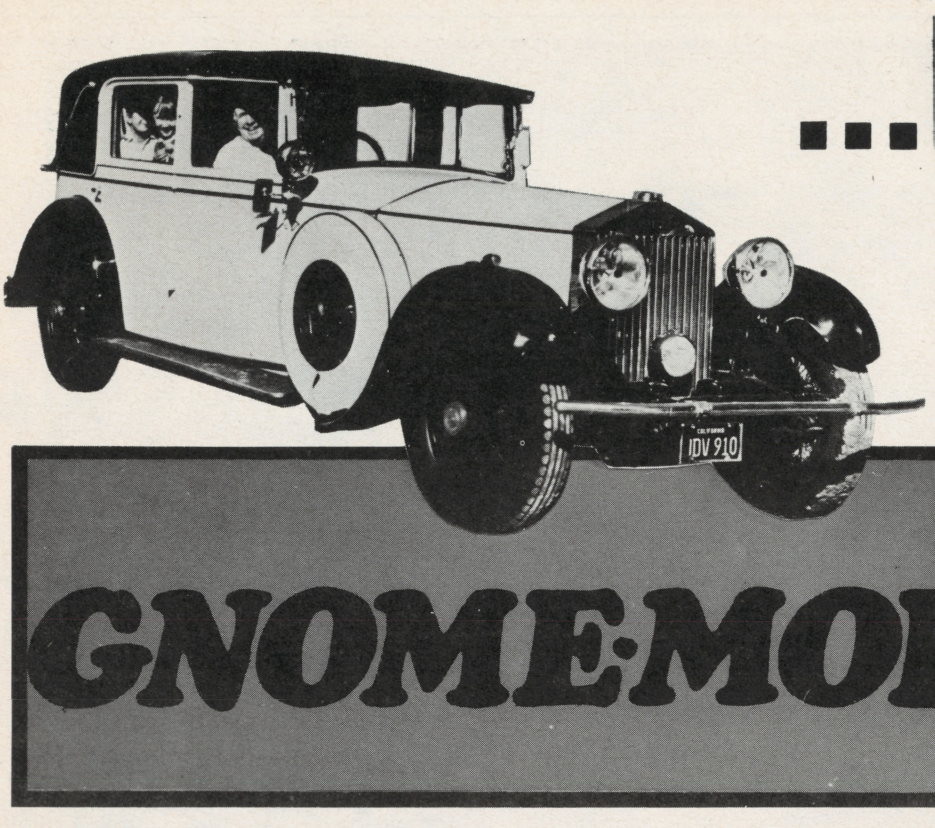


...but what is a GNOME-MOBILE?

Film-makers are becoming very car-minded. We've had 007's machine-gun-firing Aston Martin, the Saint's Volvo, Lady Penelope's six-wheeled Rolls in *Thunderbirds*, and a mixture of them all in millionaire Bruce Wayne's Batmobile. Now, straight from the drawing-board, comes *The Gnome-Mobile*.

What exactly *is* a gnome-mobile? It's a Rolls-Royce, 1930 vintage. It's owned by D. J. Mulrooney, a lumber tycoon in the California Redwood forest country. He has two spirited grandchildren and, while on a picnic amid the Redwoods, they meet . . . Jasper, an amazing two-foot high gnome with romantic problems, and his equally tiny 900-year-old grandfather, Knobby. Once these two climb aboard the Rolls, they immediately re-christen the speedy old car.

Yes, of course, it's a Disney film. A feast of brilliant special camera effects in a madcap tale where the world of big people and gnomes joyously collide.

Veteran star Walter Brennan has his first dual role at 71—as the kindly tycoon and the 900-year-old Knobby.

The children are played by those sparkling British youngsters from *Mary Poppins*—Matthew Garber and Karen Dotrice.

It's the third film these bright young stars have made together but it certainly won't be their last.

Who knows, in a few years' time, Matthew might be giving Karen that all-important first screen kiss. In a Disney picture!

ALL ABOARD the gnome-mobile . . . That's Grandad Walter Brennan at the wheel with young Matthew Garber and Karen Dotrice enjoying the fun in the front seat . . .

. . . and in the back seat—finding the speed far less comfortable—are the tiny gnomes, Jasper (Tom Lowell) and Knobby (why, that's Walter Brennan again!).

RON JOY/pictorial press

NANCY

'Daddy has always felt we Sinatras should make our own decisions and be independent. He's right, except that in my book the most important thing in life is to marry and have a family.'

SINATRA

"Most girls," said Nancy Sinatra, "spend more time choosing a dress than they do choosing a man. I didn't think that when I married the first time. But I know it now. And it may be a long, long time before I marry again.

"Photographer Ron Joy and I have been dating for a year, yet we both realise marriage is a distant thing, so we don't talk about it.

"I've learned from experience, you see. I know that next time I've got to be objective. I have to think: '*What do I need from a man? Have I given myself long enough?*'

"Daddy's always felt we Sinatras should make our own decisions and be independent; to stand alone. He's right, of course, except that in my book, the most important thing in life is to marry and have a family.

"I was happily married to Tommy Sands for five years. Then, quite suddenly, he just didn't want to be married any more. That was all. He just reached a point where he didn't want the responsibility and the ties. He even said to me: '*If I did want a wife, I'd want it to be you.*' I will always respect him for that.

"We still have a great love for each other, you know. And I still look back with affection on our life together. There was never any bitterness. The tragedy of it all was that for his sake the break-up was necessary.

"You know how it is when you break up with someone very close to you. You feel inadequate; a failure. There's an ache inside that you just can't explain to anyone else. Being a Sinatra doesn't help then.

"It does help in other ways, of course. Being a Sinatra *can* open a lot of doors. I don't deny it. I never would have been a singer if my father hadn't given me a break. He came along one day and he said: '*Hey, I'm starting a record company. How'd you like to make records?*'

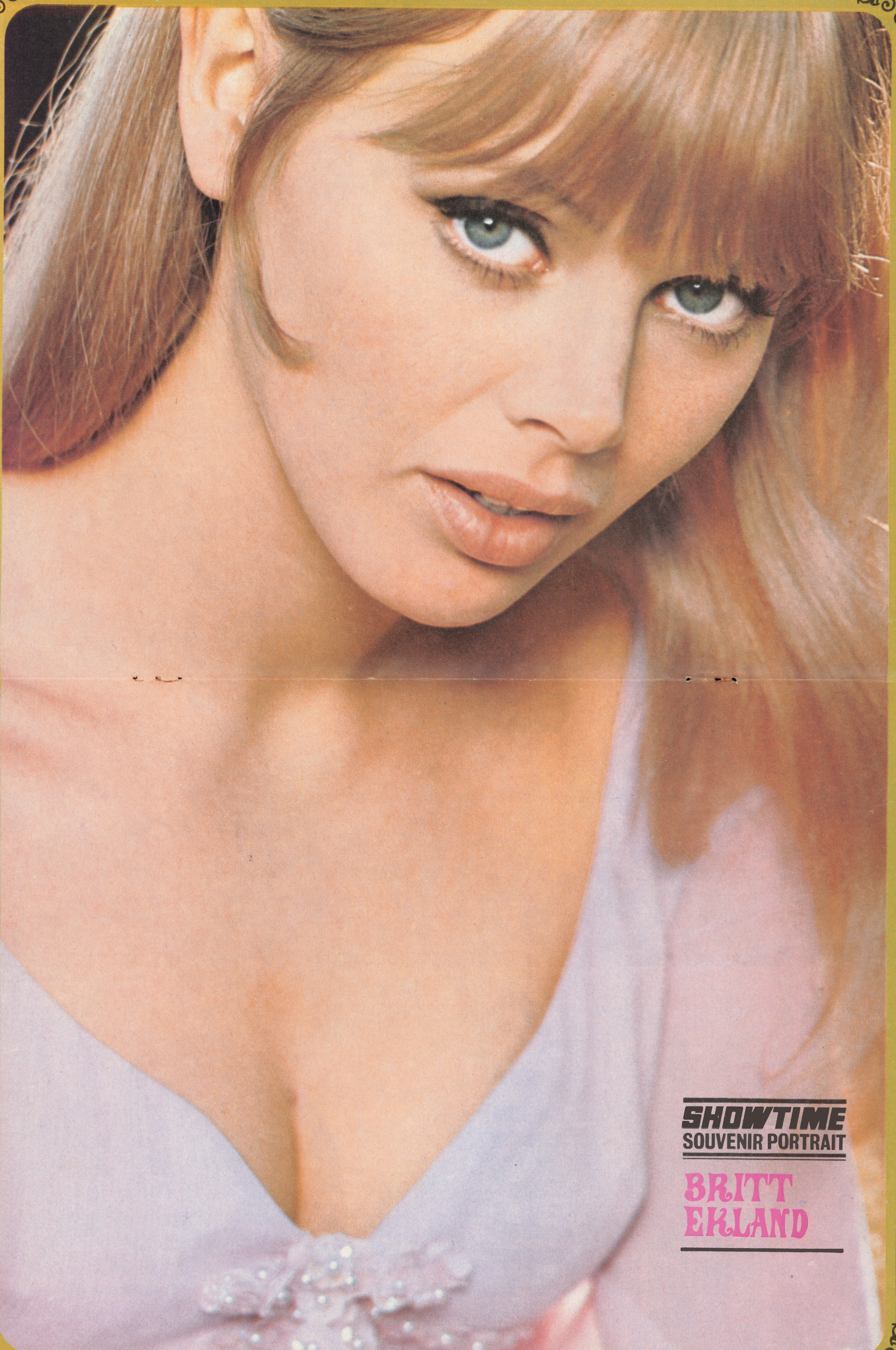
"What you have to remember is that after that, I spent five years trying without much success to make an impression. Then *Boots* came along and everything happened for me. Now I like to forget my early records.

"A lot of people think that it's wrong to take advantage of family connections. I don't agree. I don't take money from my father, but I do take advantage of the help he can give me. I benefit and it gives him pleasure. How can that be wrong? I would certainly like my own children to accept such things from me without being ashamed.

"I love my father for all he has done for me, but there's a lot more to it than that. I am proud of him as a man; he is genuinely the finest man I have ever known. He expects a great deal from anybody with his name, it's true, but I don't blame him for that.

"For me as an entertainer, it's still pretty tough trying to live up to the name Sinatra. It's not really fair, come to think of it, because someone like me can't just go out and experiment

☛ 35



SHOWTIME
SOUVENIR PORTRAIT

BRITT EKLAND

GLAUCO CORTINI/rex

It's not good enough to get only one star for a film these days. You need at least two big names. Three or four is even better. "The bigger the names the bigger the draw"—that's Hollywood's new motto. And it seems to work. However, it takes a lot of organising and a lot of money to set it up. Producers have to fly around the world to see their prospective stars and make financial deals involving their companies. Then they have to return home to lick the thorniest problem of all—finding a date when all are available.

Harold Hecht manages to brush all these problems aside. He's been through it so often, it's child's-play to him now. A few years back, as part of that big breakthrough tripartite company, Hecht-Hill-Lancaster (producer James Hill and star Burt Lancaster), he pulled off astonishing deals. Then he went solo and things were tough for awhile. Until he pulled off the biggest Hollywood surprise in years and produced a cute Western satire called *Cat Ballou*.

Once you have a money-making success like that on your books, the stars are drawn towards you. They're quicker to shake your hand at parties; anxious to ask what you are planning next.

Therefore, the casting problems were not that immense when Harold announced another Western saga. He snared three big stars, plus a handful of first-class character stars.

The film: *The Way West*. The stars: Kirk Douglas, Robert Mitchum and Richard Widmark. The character actors: Lola Albright, Stubby Kaye, Jack Elam, Nick Cravat, etc. The ☛

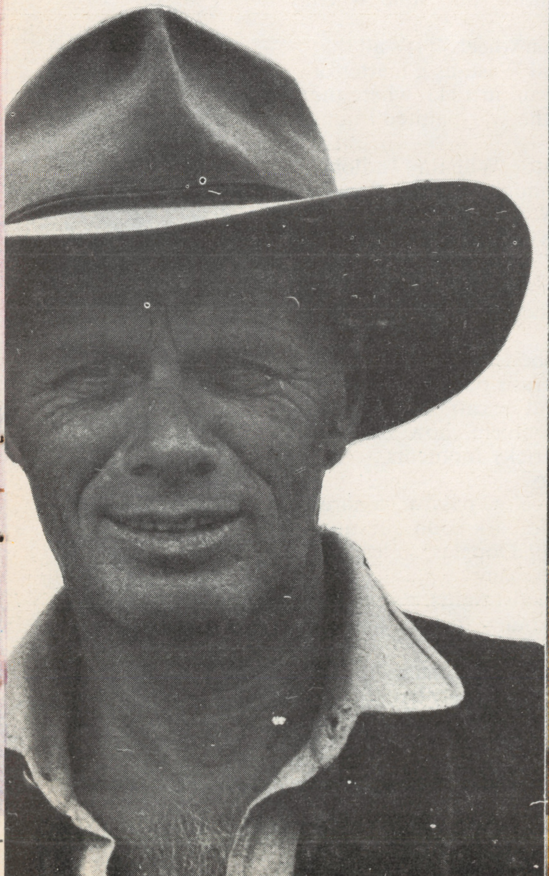
HECHT'S H

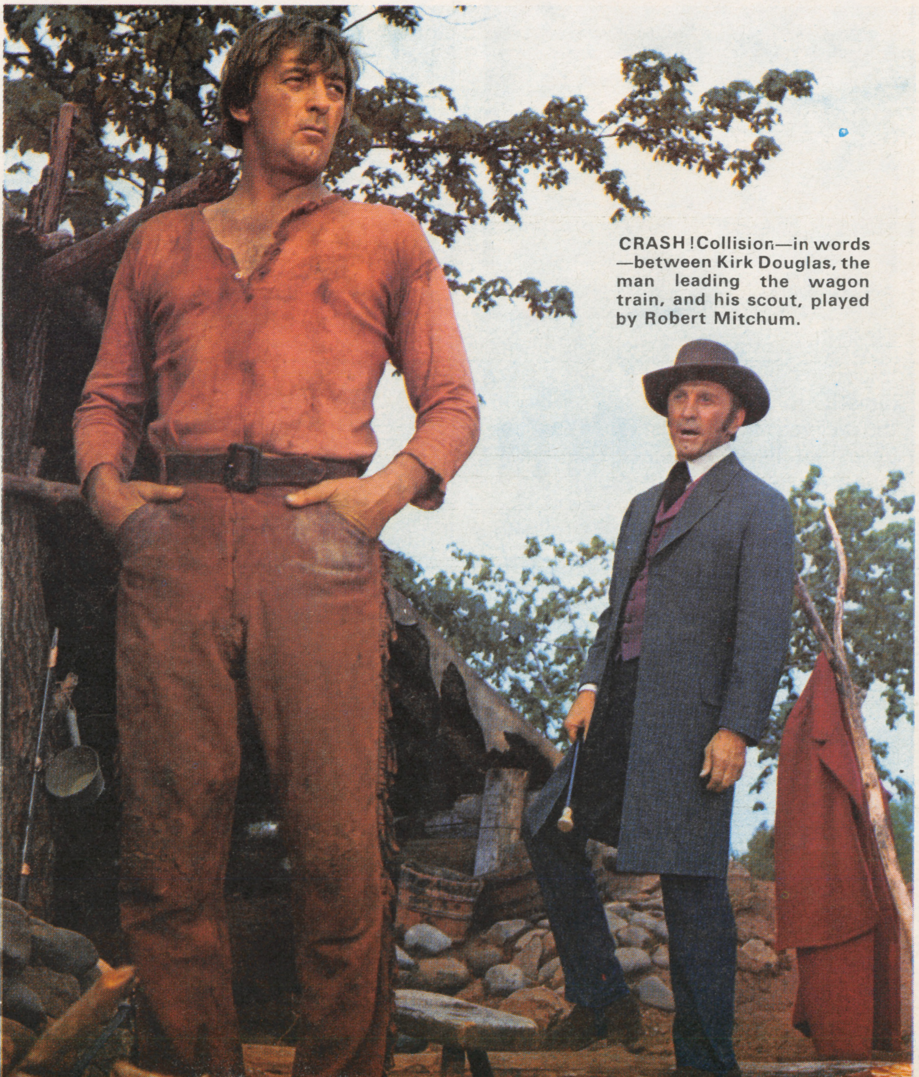
TRIO. Relaxing between takes, the three big stars secured by persuasive producer Harold Hecht (above) for his new Western. They are Robert Mitchum, Kirk Douglas and Richard Widmark.

PIERLUIGI/rex

SPLASH! The Senator is attacked by a bunch of the wagon train's desperados, and lands in the river, where it takes three of them to overpower him. But then, he's no ordinary Senator—he's Kirk Douglas!

EROES hit the trail



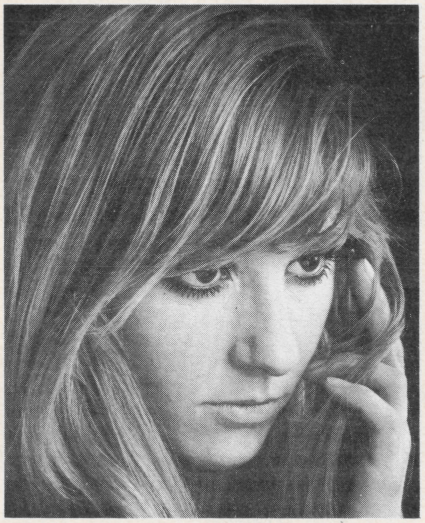


CRASH! Collision—in words—between Kirk Douglas, the man leading the wagon train, and his scout, played by Robert Mitchum.

If you feel like tearing your hair write to *Sally Blake who's really tuned in.

How can I get him back?

Last winter I got a super job in a ski-ing resort in Austria. When I came back I met a really dishy man in a T.V. company. He started to date me and the first month I had an absolute whirl. Then he cooled off. Now he just says 'hi doll' when he sees me. I haven't altered. I'm still the same old me. Only my hair which was a gorgeous tawny blonde after all that sun looks a bit dingy.



Men are very odd. Obviously he fell for your lovely hair! He hasn't given himself time to know the *real* you. If you must have him back, let me give you a tip. Inecto Hi-lift. It's so easy to use and will make your a lovely shade of ash blonde, little girl blonde or just plain flaxen. What's more it keeps your hair beautifully soft, and once you're a *real* blonde you can have fun experimenting with Hair Magic colour shampoo. There are seven shades especially for fair hair and it's made by Inecto too. Obtainable everywhere.

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HECHT'S HEROES

director: Andrew V. McLaglen, the man behind some of the liveliest Westerns in the past two years.

After helping to win the Second World War in places as far apart as Norway and Israel, Kirk Douglas was longing for the comfort of a saddle. Bob Mitchum had been lazing around in semi-retirement for a year or so. And Richard Widmark, too, hankered after a Western—a forte he had deserted for some time. So the three top-liners were ready, waiting and able when Harold called—at just the right time.

Mitchum calls the film "a *Peyton Place* on wheels". It's all that and much more. A return to the traditional West, as a matter of fact—following the fortunes of a wagon train in 1843, where the men are tough, the women are purty, and the war-painted Injuns ain't never far off . . .!

Husky Kirk Douglas plays U.S. Senator William Tadlock. Nothing straight-laced about this fella, though. He has plans—big plans. He aims to build a whole new city out West. And before long he's on his way, leading a mass emigration of hopeful Easterners to Oregon—2,000 miles away!

Among the wagoners is Richard Widmark as Lije Evans, a farmer who's a bit of an adventurer at heart, unable to resist the call of the beckoning horizon.

Chief scout for the wagon train is Robert Mitchum—as the legendary Dick Summers. He knows the trails out West like the back of his hand. But his sight is going, and he can't even see his hand clearly these days. He hides his problem, however, and sticks to his scouting despite a series of tricky moments.

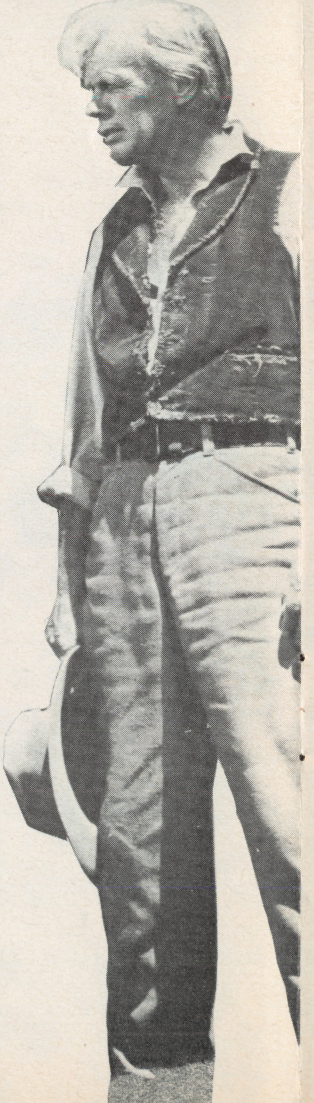
Which man turns out to be the big hero?

It's difficult to say. Mitchum remains calm, passive, assured and reassuring. But the often irascible Widmark soon questions the right of the stern disciplinarian, Senator Douglas, to lead the emigrants. And the two men fight for supremacy . . .

There are a lot more exciting incidents—fist fights, gun fights, Injun fights, husband-and-wife fights, young lovers' fights—before the wagons reach Oregon.

By which time, of course, producer Hecht—the man with the persuasive manner—was haring off after another trio of big names for his next project.

JOHN WEBSTER



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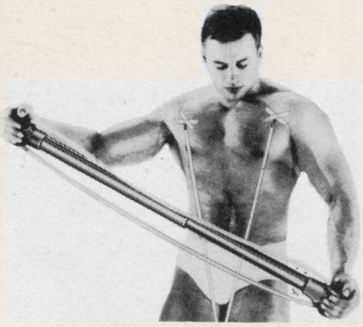

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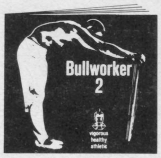

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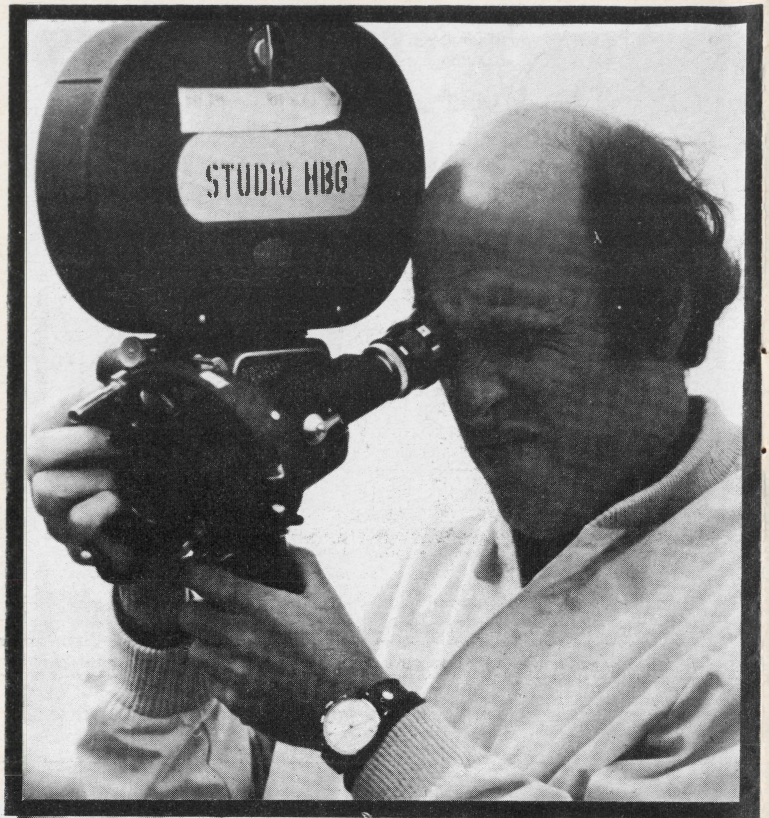
LESTER

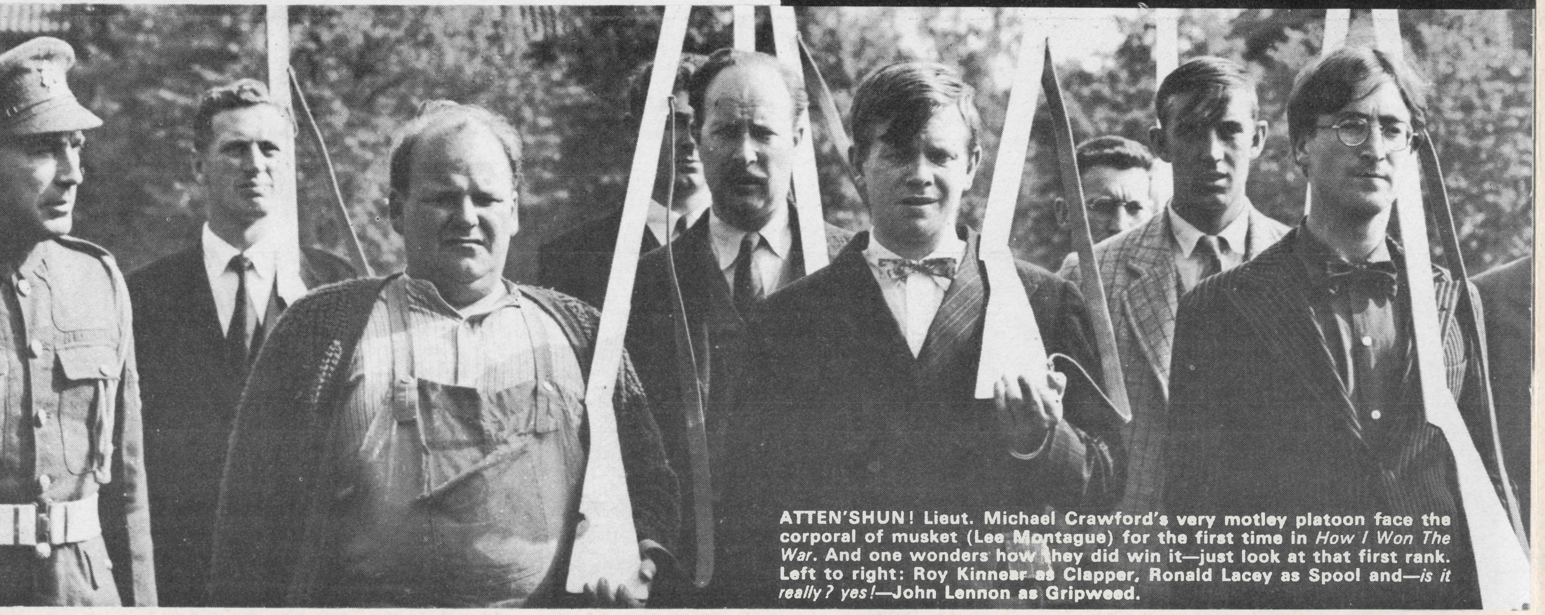


Suddenly, and very briefly, Richard Lester sounded like a parody of himself and his art. He was discussing his new film, *How I Won The War*. "It takes place in Germany, 1945; in England, 1945; and in the desert from 1941–42. It also takes place in 1957, and in 1967. All those levels are just mixed up . . ."

This, I promise you, was no super-satirical sniper having his usual go at the success-ridden formula of the famous, bald Philadelphian director. This was the genuine article himself—35, easy-going, slick-talking from behind his far from vast desk at his Twickenham Studios office.

How I Won The War is a superbly stylised war-comedy about the memoirs of a young, inexperienced Army lieutenant and his World War II platoon. "As memories do not occur in any particular sequence, but irregularly at different times, this film has no particular sequence. Rather a pattern of events, situations and behaviour which build up an overall impression or picture," explains Lester.

His stars include his favourite English actor, Michael Crawford—rewarded for his sterling services in *The Knack* with his best role since *The Knack*; and John Lennon, in the casting coup of the year. Shorn of Beatles' locks he has his first straight acting role, as Crawford's sycophantic batman, Private Gripweed. (If Lester was astute in bagging Lennon in the first place, he shows even more courage by killing him off during the proceedings!)



ATTEN'SHUN! Lieut. Michael Crawford's very motley platoon face the corporal of musket (Lee Montague) for the first time in *How I Won The War*. And one wonders how they did win it—just look at that first rank. Left to right: Roy Kinnear as Clapper, Ronald Lacey as Spool and—*is it really? yes!*—John Lennon as Gripweed.

Crawford is Lieut. Ernest Goodbody, regimental number (as might be expected!) 131313. His first command is 3rd Troop, 4th Musketeers, and he sees war as a game even more noble than his favourite cricket. He had a trying war. So, as a result of his trying, did his men. The more he loved and cared for his chaps, the more they hated him.

Lester's other characters have connotations of Evelyn Waugh's war. They rejoice in such names as Clapper (Roy Kinnear, who else?), Transom, Juniper, Spool, Dooley, Drogue, the Melancholy Musketeer, and Odelbog—"a German chap". Plus Michael Hordern, as that legendary veteran of every war, Lieut.-Col. E. C. Grapple.

At least, they're all *Lester's* characters now. With his renowned stop-go-stop-go screen methods, the first thing always to go is the book, play or script that his films are based upon. "Not so much *'based on a book by . . .'* or even *'inspired by . . .'* but more probably, *provoked by* . . .!

"Why? Well, everybody can see things that he likes in a book; I see other things. If you use bits of the book, fine. If you don't, that's still fine. I like the *War* book, but probably for reasons that nobody else would. Or did . . . as one eminent British producer wanted to buy it from me to make it with Norman Wisdom!

"So I select certain elements I like, and then throw the book away—yeah, absolutely. In my *War*, the names of the characters are the same. I think a one-line gag and a situation are the same. Everything else is changed."

All of which explains why Richard Lester keeps well away from the writing fraternity ("I don't want to be punched in the face"), except for his own scriptwriter, the way-out playwright Charles Wood. And Wood is, Lester admits, given a free hand . . . "pretty well".

With *The Knack*, for example, Lester and Wood completely re-styled Ann Jellicoe's play. "We started off with the characters to do a completely abstract film, working back to the play. It worked fine." Miss Jellicoe, needless to say, did not agree.

GOES TO WAR

and recruits John Lennon

"It's very difficult for an author, of course. As it must have been for Ann Jellicoe. I sympathise with their attitude of creation. But they have to respect mine as well. In that we're making an entirely different thing when making a film. That's why, for instance, I think it tends to be a little dangerous when authors write their own screenplays. I respect them all—but think it better that we stay apart.

"I work this way all the time. *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help!* were started from scratch. There was a screenplay for *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum* which one couldn't change too much; it was more of a plot-piece. *The Knack* and *War* you know about."

Lester's attention was first drawn to the *War* book "years and years and years ago" by a producer, Milton Subotsky—the man who gave Lester his first feature film break, *It's Trad, Dad*. "I liked the idea of *War*. Of this man who is dedicated to King and country, leading a platoon of men who didn't much like him, to accomplish a mission in the desert. And writing his memoirs—like a general's though he was a lieutenant—about how he succeeded in not winning the entire war, but what he considered the war. We've changed that marginally. All the people in it are not sure whose memoirs they are; everyone thinks at the beginning they are his own . . ."

Charles Wood was scripting *War* in London while Lester was filming *Forum* in Spain. Seven complete scripts later ("seven, right from scratch—start again, smash!") Lester was ready to go to Spain again, with what he saw as one of the screen's first surrealistic war comedies.

Many of the actors involved told people it was an anti-war film. "Taking the mickey out of the army, something rotten" one added with a huge smirk. Lester disagrees, being sure that none of them knew what was really going on, even after reading the script!

"The soldiers in the film," he explains, "are the civilians of any nationality, who are taken into the army and taught to do things they would not otherwise do; to live in circumstances to which they are not accustomed. And then be told *'these are the finest days of your life!'* This is a situation which has fascinated many people and it has always fascinated me, which is why I made this film.

"The troops are British simply because it is more convenient that way. I could have made the platoon a mixture of American, Russian,

LESTER GOES TO WAR

Italian, French, Peruvian . . . but this would have been too cumbersome and require too much explanation."

In short, then, Crawford's squad is made up of what Donovan called the Universal Soldier: hard done by—and very often done in.

"I don't like attaching labels to things in advance," Lester goes on. "I don't think this film should be pre-judged until it is seen. Until the editing I didn't even know exactly how it would turn out; what the final balance would be."

A huge slice of the Lester brilliance comes with the editing of his films, when he and his editor will make use of something of everything that has been shot. I remember his second-unit director on *Forum*, action expert Bob Simmons, telling me how he would always print footage of a scene even if a stunt or a gag had gone wrong, because "Dick can make use of anything!"

How did Lester feel after the editing? "It's a fairly dangerous position to be in. I've never really liked a film that I've made; this, though, was a very, very satisfying film to make. But this end of the making stage is certainly the most agonising part of it all. What I feel, of course, is that the actual shooting is one-third of two-thirds. What you haven't fixed in the scripting, you hope to do during shooting. What you haven't fixed in the shooting, you hope to fix in this, the aftermath, the re-shaping, re-editing, dubbing, adding music, footsteps . . . take away these things and it means you're 66 per cent more liable to mistakes."

Richard Lester is wrapped up more than usual with *War* because it is his first production for his firm, Petersham Films, named after the Surrey area he lives in. And he is wildly happy because the film (despite locations in Britain, Germany and Spain) was completed four days under schedule and some £50,000 under budget.

"Last August we worked out our schedule, and here we are finishing in the week we said we would. But it still takes me about a year to make a film—and I'd like to do more subjects than just one a year. Petersham Films may help me achieve this; we're working on it. I hope, for instance, that other directors will put some things through our company, in the way that Woodfall did things.

"So, yeah, it's much easier to be your own producer—a great game! And I must say, *War* worked out in a strange, copy-book fashion. We all believed in it tremendously. Marvellous cast—I know everyone always says that, but I never have before. Everything worked a treat."

John Lennon, too? "Definitely! He did the role totally, as we wanted him to. Absolutely. And in one scene, in particular, it works . . . oh, so fantastically."

So does the film, made in reportage style, with the feelings, reactions and thoughts of the soldiers portrayed with maximum realism. The photography (by David Watkin, another man from—and with—*The Knack*) is designed to help the mood; different lighting techniques for the varying European and desert sequences—while the English scenes are lit in the style of the 1940's films. Newsreel shots of the campaigns covered in the film receive a specialised treatment as well—a different colour-tint per campaign: Dunkirk in green, Dieppe in pink and Alamein in orange, for instance.

All this great skill and planning—a year's work! Yet Lester still sticks fast to his pet theory about film-making; basically, that films should be made for today, then forgotten tomorrow, thrown away like an old glove.

"I think," Lester explains, "that films should reflect contemporary attitudes, even if you're making a 1940, or even an 1840, picture. I don't think films should be for ever and ever and ever.

"In making this film, about the war, about the 40's, and about a message I care very deeply about, I didn't want it discarded by the new generation. Therefore I have tried to see the war in the light of what the world is like now, 20 years later . . . and what people of today think about war, rather than what they thought about war then. One is trying to project back attitudes into people.

"I didn't fight the war; I wasn't in it, and a lot of war films have been made—as sort of living experiences—by people who have been through it. I don't think they are as valuable for these days as the views of people who have now seen what has happened for 25 years as a result of this war; seen what good it has accomplished, what purpose it has served, what has happened.

"One wants to make a film about any subject of history, based on the *results*—so much better, that way. This is why I believe young people *can* make films about the war, in the same way that a 20-year-old can make a film on Culloden, as Peter Watkins did.

"This is partially what we're talking about: this sort of expandability, this thing of being for today, taking contemporary things and being able to use what has gone on before.

"Then, of course, they should be able to be thrown away if in fact, next year, somebody drops an atomic bomb, and a film about World War II would be seen in a completely different light. So that this year's Vietnam-influenced Second World War film would be thrown away and the new Saudia-Arabian-or-whatever-Second World War film is seen."

He pauses, and then spares a thought for his final collaborators on any production. "It is," he adds, "up to the people in the audience to decide what they get out of it. That is their contribution to the film. Any film."

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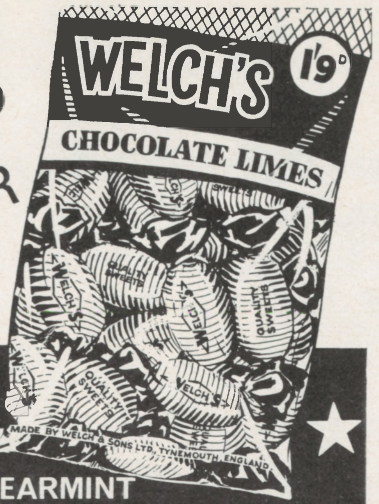

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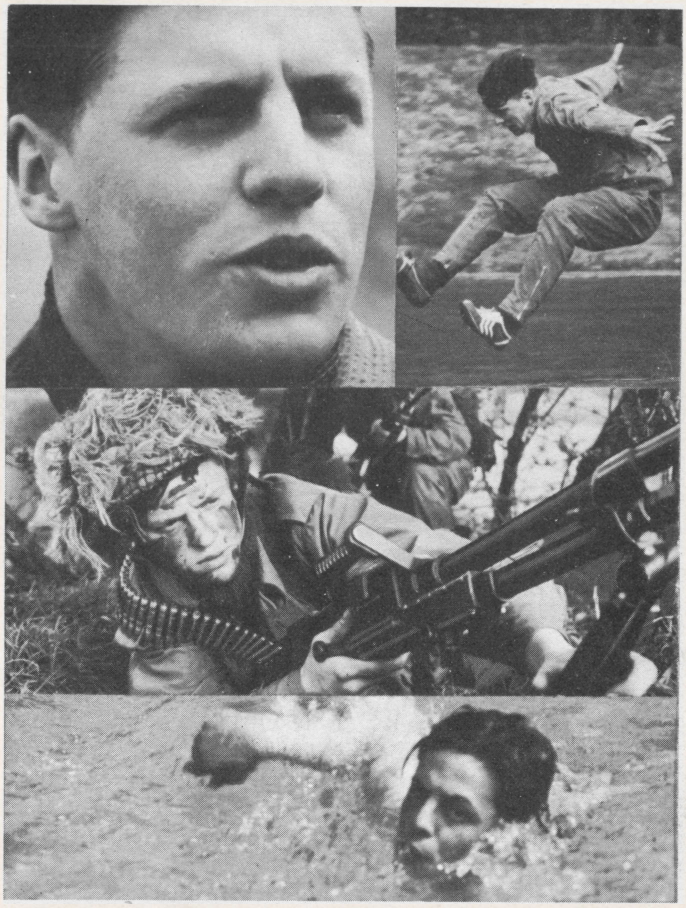
Ron Dummer (16) went where the action is.



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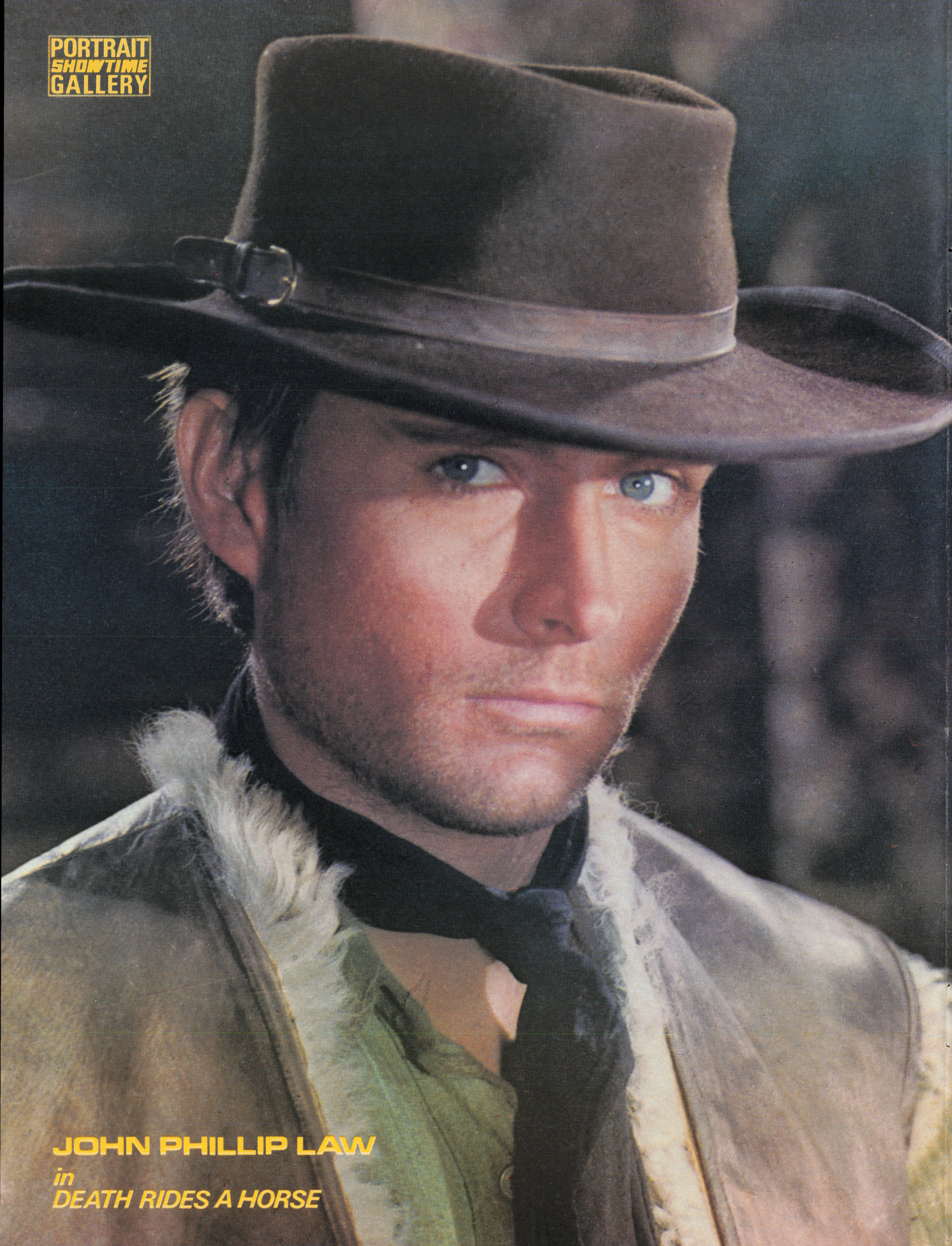

JOHN PHILLIP LAW

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THEME. In the wake of Matt Monro, Shirley Bassey and Tom Jones, Nancy records James Bond's latest theme song, *You Only Live Twice*—in London's STC studios.

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or make mistakes as a performer. A Sinatra is always being watched. You can't hide.

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"My father has been treated so badly over the years. He, like most people I know, has got a temper. But in his case it ends up on the front pages. Wouldn't you show it if someone was rude to your wife or girl-friend? If it were anyone else, you wouldn't hear about it. When it's Daddy, it's a different story.

"This is the price you pay for being a Sinatra. We give up our privacy. But believe me, I wouldn't give up being who I am for anything. I don't mean as an artiste; I mean as an individual. Daddy always taught us to be individuals.

"I could work all the time if I wanted to, but I don't, because I want to be able to live a full life. Most people like to combine their work with their private life. I can't handle two at a time.

"Would I put marriage before my career? It depends on whether I loved the person enough. I'd have to put it on the scales. I once had a very dear girl-friend who is an actress, and she told me she simply didn't know what she was doing in this business. She's been married, but now she's alone and she told me: '*Don't get to be 45 with just a scrapbook of memories*'.

"I don't want to be like that. I don't want an empty life at 45. Ten years from now I want to be changing nappies!

"I need people. I come from a big family—put us in one room and there would be about 40 of us—and I feel sorry for those who've never been part of a big family. The fighting, the hugging, the kissing, the fun, the tears . . . it's a marvellous, marvellous thing.

"I'll put it all in the book I'm writing about my father. I want it to reflect the truth about him, partly as I know it from my own memory, partly from anecdotes by his friends. There'll also be a section showing how he has affected the lives of others.

"My grandmother had an audience with the Pope last year and he asked her about my father. Then, do you know what he said? '*Next to God, for charity, comes your son.*' My grandmother broke down and cried when she heard it. What he meant was that like God, my father doesn't talk about his charitable deeds.

"Daddy just does these things and that's it. Once he worked at a club for two weeks without salary. The place was packed out every night and the owner was able to pay off his debts."

Nancy was sitting on the high back of a settee, clutching a pearl-studded handbag in one hand, the other resting on her inevitable knee-high black boots. Her dress was a wispy creation of black silk. "*Show 'em your pants*," called Ron Joy, as a group of photographers flashed away. He wasn't being ungallant: it was a culot-style dress.

Nancy laughed . . . Nancy of the laughing face, indeed. She's exquisitely feminine, from her soft ash-blonde hair to her finely etched features. No photograph ever does her justice. And I told her so. But Nancy would have none of it. "I appreciate the compliments," she said, "but I know my public image is a bit masculine. It's all got something to do with the merging of the sexes, which I think is part of the success of people such as Twiggy and the Beatles.

"With me, it's a boyish image; the boots and so on. But don't confuse my public image with the real me. I want to be a wife and mother, not a hard-bitten woman dominating men. I don't want to call the tune. I don't want that career scrap-book to be a substitute for babies.

"Men appreciate a woman who relies on them. I deal every day in business with a lot of men; I pay them a lot of money and I realise that I should rely on their decisions. They deserve that kind of respect.

"It's an unusual feeling for me, being independent. I have never known the feeling until now . . . now that I'm single and living in my own home. First I lived with my mother, then in my husband's home. Then, when we were divorced, suddenly I was on my own.

"It's given me time to think of so many things, the right marriage, for one. I don't think a man who cared about me would want my money, but if he did, it would prove that it had been a bad choice on my part.

"Money . . . funny, but when you've had it all your life as I have, there's nothing you really want. I live in a lovely little house. What would I do with anything bigger? I don't need a Rolls—I drive a 1957 Thunderbird; it might be old but it goes.

"There are so many things I feel intensely about. Sal Mineo and I are working together on our own idea for a film, *The Flower Children*, which I'll make for my own company—Boots Limited. It's about teenagers taking LSD. I feel it will say a lot of things that have to be said.

"I've made about five films, and what I try to do is strike a balance each time. One will be light, the next controversial. This is the reason I agreed to *Pot Luck* with Elvis Presley. I need something light-hearted right now.

"A while back I was in Vietnam, which wasn't light-hearted. I was appearing for the G.I.s in what they call 'forward operations', doing two shows a day. It upsets me that most Americans are not showing as much support as they should for the effort in Vietnam. It doesn't matter what your feelings may be about the war; it *does* matter that there are almost half a million Americans out there. It's important to show them support. I'm not qualified to speak about the reasons for the war, but I do know that the lack of interest worries me a lot.

"I get about 15,000 letters a week from G.I.s, and the Australian troops there use *Boots* as their official song. I'm also an official pin-up in Vietnam, which is why Ron took the batch of pictures of me in a bikini. So you can see why I had to go.

"Now I'm back and there's so much to think about . . . the film, recordings, and so on. I don't think Daddy and I will make another record together for a long while. There just isn't time. It's also difficult getting him to record a commercial song such as our *Somethin' Stupid* or *Strangers In The Night* [*both made the No. 1 spot in Britain*]. It's like pulling teeth. I almost have to drag him bodily into the studio. People think Daddy influences me, but they're wrong. I'm the one who influences *him*.

"When we finally got to do *Somethin' Stupid*, though, it was the most hysterical session you could imagine. We spoiled the first three takes laughing!

"The trouble was, Daddy and I were almost nose-to-nose on opposite sides of the same mike. I was trying to remember the words and listen to the orchestra with one ear, and to Daddy with the other. Well, you know how crazy his phrasing is? It was just ages before we could both get a straight face . . ."

JOHN MOSS

IS THIS THE SHOCKER OF THE YEAR ?

VIOLENCE flares up in a tiny Southern town, when the young hot-heads try to take the law—Negro detective Sidney Poitier—into their own hands.

PIERLUIGI/rex

From:
IAN HAYNES
in Hollywood

Published during America's long, hot summer of 1965, filmed last winter, and now released here as the United States sweats and fights through yet another riot-filled summer, *In The Heat Of The Night* is a murder mystery—with far deeper overtones. Racial overtones. While the film version of John Ball's novel makes a praiseworthy plea for tolerance, the contempt and hatred showered upon the hero merely fans the flames of segregation which still burn red-hot here in America.

The stars are Sidney Poitier and Rod Steiger. Their roles are the most searing Hollywood has given either of them in years. Poitier, after his recent spell of "noble" roles, is once more resented and attacked because of his colour. Bulky Steiger is the main Negro-baiting bigot—in savagely convincing form.

These first-class Method actors clash together in what producer Walter Mirisch calls "a crime melodrama which is also a statement of our times." Indeed it is.

The film opens with a murder—a patrol-cop finds the body of a small Southern town's leading industrialist on a deserted road. During the ensuing dragnet, a well-dressed, self-assured Negro is hauled in for questioning. To everyone's surprise, if not downright disbelief (this is the South remember!) he reveals himself to be a homicide detective from Philadelphia; Virgil Tibbs by name.

Steiger, as the town's very new police chief, Bill Gillespie, despises all "coloureds who don't know their place." And a coloured cop on his doorstep is just too much . . . even so, he's forced to make full use of Tibb's expert talents, for Gillespie doesn't know too much about the law or police procedure. He has no idea how to lead a murder investigation; he'd just fall flat on his fat face.

However, if he gets Tibbs to do the job for him—"call it integration, hah!"—the town would hoot if Tibbs failed. And Gillespie, he would be in the clear, and could have learned the ropes in the meantime! "Dammitall, I might even beat him to it, once I see the way things are headed," he thinks. "That'd be better. To lick the nigra at his own game."

It's no wonder then, that Virgil Tibbs, the screen's first coloured detective, finds his sleuthing less than easy. The whole town is against him, because of his colour more than his badge. They are, in fact, more suspicious of him than they are of the killer among them—whoever he may be . . .

TENSION is strong between the town's police chief (Rod Steiger) and visiting 'tec Poitier. The chief [illegible] his help on a murder case—but hates to have to admit it.

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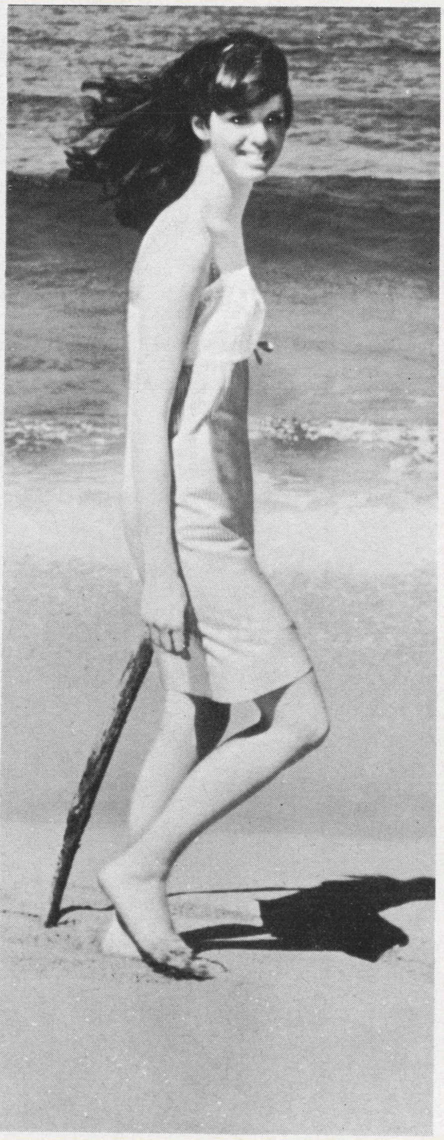

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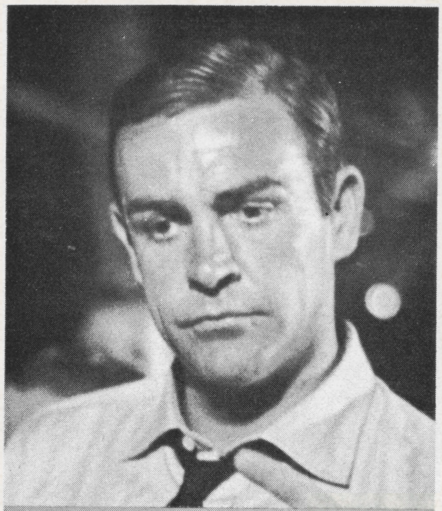

After working harder than most *companies* in recent years, Sean is taking it very easy of late. Letting his hair—and that new-fangled moustache—grow into a nearly impenetrable disguise. As for work, he's produced a TV documentary—and designed the cover of the first book by his wife, Diane Cilento. Films? "They can wait awhile," he comments.

VIRGO, 24th August—23rd September
Travellers score on familiar routes; short-cuts could prove disastrous. Open-air activities are favoured—take an umbrella. Sentimental folk could have a pleasant surprise around the 20th involving someone close.

LIBRA, 24th September—23rd October
Don't let lovers' quarrels mar the days. A disappointment seems likely, but it's not serious. If you must spend—put a little money aside first. You'll need it later.

SCORPIO, 24th October—22nd November
A casual date or a chance meeting may prove very important. Ambition grips, and with perseverance you could make great strides forward. However, single-mindedness puts you at odds with those around you.

SAGITTARIUS, 23rd November—22nd December
Far away places with strange-sounding names beckon! If you want to up-stakes and away, August is an excellent time. Teenagers will have to be patient with older folk.

CAPRICORN, 23rd December—20th January
All systems *go* for you! A golden, swinging month that you will long remember. Hopes are fulfilled; many will discover hidden resources in their own character. Have fun—you couldn't choose a better time.

AQUARIUS, 21st January—19th February
Little things mean a lot. A small incident—something overlooked?—could make or mar an important occasion. Matters beyond these shores assume an unexpected significance where you and your family are concerned.

PISCES, 20th February—21st March
Grab your coat and get your hat—it's the outdoor life for you. Amateur talents could prove useful in an emergency. A new purchase gives you that extra zing you need to carry you through the month.

ARIES, 22nd March—20th April
Get your skates on. Speed is all-important now. You have some good ideas, but make up your mind—act promptly. Planets are now kinder to those in love, and even casual dating could flourish.

TAURUS, 21st April—21st May
Animals and other pets need special attention and greater care than usual on journeys. Holiday romances aplenty for those who look for them . . . but few will last.

GEMINI, 22nd May—21st June
For better or worse, events occur in pairs. Gifts—or, perhaps, articles—bought for well below their value are likely at the beginning of August. No time for carefree spending, though.

CANCER, 22nd June—23rd July
A spell of leisure, perhaps quite unexpected, provides opportunity for achieving private goals. Golden time for the young and fancy-free. Older folk could also feel Cupid's arrows.

LEO, 24th July—23rd August
Look where you are going! Imperative to make long-term plans *now*; haphazard ventures could cause confusion. You're tempted to take responsibility—without experience.

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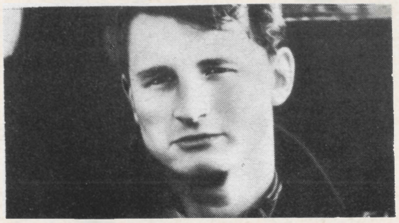

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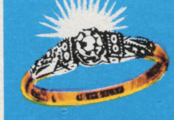

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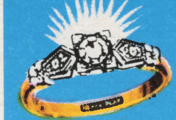

114. Single Diamond
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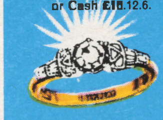
or Cash £1[illegible].12.6.



121. Single Diamond
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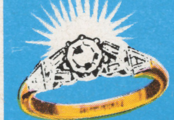

140. Single Diamond
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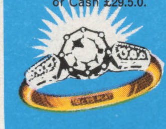

163. Single Diamond
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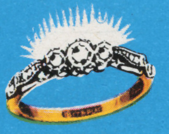

302. Three Diamonds
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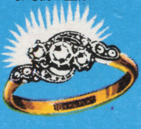
or Cash £[illegible].9.0.



308. Three Diamonds
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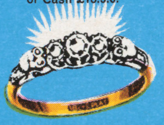

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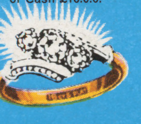

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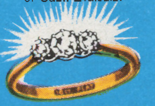

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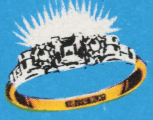
or Cash £25.0.0.



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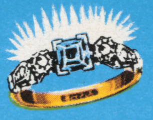

605. 2 Dia. & Sapphire
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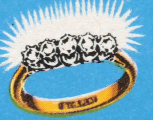

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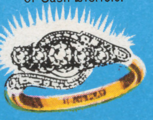

504. Five Diamonds
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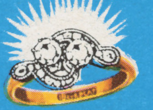
or [illegible] £2[illegible].10.0.



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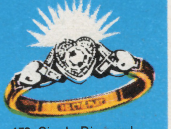

172. Single Diamond
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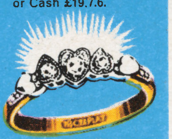

362. Three Diamonds
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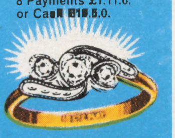

364. Three Diamonds
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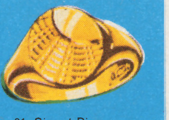

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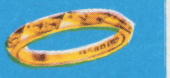

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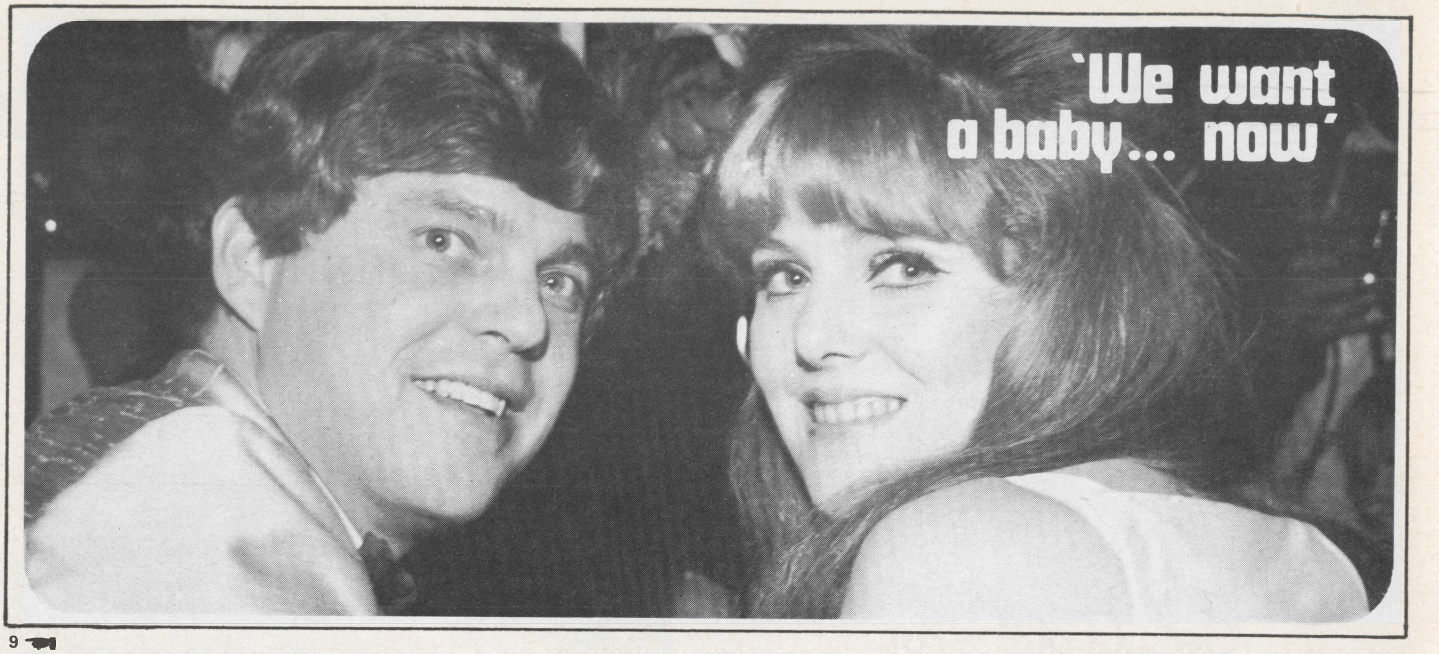

9

"We felt very guilty about that," says Lynn, chewing gum and leaning back in her stiff-back chair, which disconcertingly makes her sunny mini-dress that much minier. "But at that point secrecy was absolutely vital to the divorce proceedings [*John was previously married to a Canadian actress.*]

"Our greatest worry was that *Time* had found out without us knowing and would print it. Because that would most probably have completely ruined things. You see, the divorce was going ahead, anyway, before he even met me.

"If *Time* magazine had bothered to ask the doorman, the hotel porter or the theatre stage-door keeper, it would have found out. Instead, it went to enormous trouble to find out who I was in love with/fancying/going out with, etc. To all this I replied a whole load of rubbish about not wanting to get married and how I liked my career much better. And I felt absolutely ghastly, because I kept this up to two days before the wedding. Then it finally got out. How, I don't know.

"I remember I was interviewed by a very sweet girl for a woman's magazine. I felt really very, very mean to her, because I told her I liked being single, and even mentioned my 'boy-friends'. Then the next morning, the news broke that John and I were getting married!

"She must have felt terribly stupid about it all. Certainly her editor gave her a rocket for missing the story, and I felt so dreadful about it, I wrote her a great, long letter of apology."

So it was a well intentioned secret; but did Lynn have to resort to anything spectacular, such as disguises, to keep things quiet?

"We chose our wedding rings in Tiffany's," she explains, "with me in a black wig, purple head scarf, dark glasses and a Brooklyn accent—*'Oooh, honey, let's have that one . . . kinda delicate, honey'*! Quite funny really. We got terribly silly and got the giggles."

If the news of Lynn's wedding was a shock, the next surprise was the actual marriage ceremony—conducted by a representative of the Ethical Culture Society, an American humanist sect. *Did this mean that she didn't have to say that ever-controversial wedding vow: "obey"?*

"Yes, you don't say 'obey', actually." She grins. "You say quite a bit, though, I keep forgetting the exact words.

"The reason for the Ethical Culture ceremony was that neither of us goes to church and we didn't think it right to be married by a priest. If you don't go to church and you walk around saying, *'I'm not sure what it's all about'*, it does seem stupid to go into a church. Anyway, we couldn't; there probably isn't a priest going who wouldn't be defrocked for marrying you if you're one week divorced or whatever.

"The other alternative in New York is a judge." Lynn screws up her face at the thought. "The judges there aren't like the smashing, pompous British judges, who one can imagine actually doing rather super sort of ceremonial things if they did marry you here, which they don't. And from what we'd heard from other people who had been married in New York (and who'd hated their weddings, absolutely loathed them), it seems the judges tend to say things such as *'I bet your wife has never looked so clean'* or they refer to dirty fingernails. Things like that. Then it's a case of *'All right, this is your husband; this is your wife. OK, you're married. Beat it . . .'*.

"As we're a bit romantic, we wanted something more than that. On the other hand, we didn't want to pledge our life to God when we had no intention of doing so."

And so you found the Ethical Culturists? "Yes, John had heard the radio sermons of Algernon Black, the rather famous head of the Society in America; and also a friend of John's had been married by Mr. Black.

"You don't have to be an Ethical Culturist to be married by him. Anybody can be. And the things they believe in apply to anybody. You can be a very reverent Buddhist, a Christian or absolutely nothing—an agnostic, atheist or whatever you want—and still belong to the Ethical Culture Society and believe in what they say."

And what do they believe in?

"They don't, for instance, concentrate on doing good here because of better rewards later, which tends to be the Christian attitude. They talk more about the friendship between people, peace between people—loyalty really, to each other. Making a good life here, because you're living and you might as well live properly . . . no, not properly, but live well and enjoy it. Have a lovely life. Which seems to be so much more sensible than, you know, *'if I'm nice to others it'll get me to Heaven next week.'* Why not be nice and love everybody because it is nice to be nice now, not because of what you get in the future? I know it probably sounds a bit corney, the way I put it. But it does make quite good sense to us."

The actual wedding ceremony, which took about 15 minutes, was held in the New York home of director Sidney Lumet—who directed Lynn in her memorable little cameo role in *The Deadly Affair*.

"It was lovely—the nicest wedding I could possibly think of. Mr. Black's right-hand man, Jerome Nathanson, conducted it, and talked at length to us, not just about two people getting married, but about us—me marrying John and John marrying me. It really was marvellous. And quiet. The only people there were my Mum and Dad and sister and two nieces, and John's Mum and the Lumets. So it was really *our* wedding—not 500 people's wedding. We had a few friends in later . . ."

What happens next? Already there have been rumours that Lynn will be lost to Britain as her husband, though born here, is now an American citizen, and will, therefore, have the usual working-permit trouble when trying here for roles on stage, screen or TV.

"No, he can work here," Lynn yells with glee. "If you become an American you have to swear to give up allegience to everything else but America—but Britain is terribly old-fashioned and as far as she's concerned, it didn't happen! She sort of says: *'But you were born here—awfully sorry, you're British'*. So John can act in either country. Even so, we will be spending some time in the States; he went to all the trouble to get his American citizenship so I don't particularly want him to lose it. I don't automatically become American. I would have to go and live there and take out papers as well—which I don't want to do."

Meanwhile, the newly-wed Mr. and Mrs. Clark have plenty to keep them busy with their Victorian cottage in Barnes. "We are decorating all over," says Lynn. "We're living in shambles at the moment. Had to sleep in the sitting-room the other night because every room was full of people. Well, people and things. Like furniture and the carpenter and the painter!

"We've done some shopping, but we had already got quite a lot of stuff. We bought a smashing solid brass bed which, at the

moment, is sitting in an acid bath in Vauxhall Bridge Road! That gets the tarnish off. And you don't have to polish it! When we got it, we attacked it with wire wool and stuff for three days—and gave up in an exhausted heap, finding that it didn't work at all . . ."

So that is Lynn's future. Getting the cottage in order and making no more films just yet. In fact it may well be that her next film after *Smashing Time* will be a sequel to it, again co-starring her great chum, Rita Tushingham . . . and that won't happen for a year or so.

"No, it's not really too great a temptation to stop for awhile—particularly with films being what they are and how they get delayed. This one was all set for last August, and here we are finishing it a year later—and this was as much a certainty as anything else. *Georgy Girl* was called off ten days before we started it. Completely fell through. Just happened to get going again. No, I don't trust films an inch."

There is, of course, that all-important reason for Lynn's cheerfully planned exile. "I want a baby. Very much. So does John. And there's no time like the present, it seems, to me! You can act for ever. But you can't have babies for ever."

And what sort of mother will she make? Any ideas?

"Oh yes. I've picked up a lot of knowledge—second-hand—from my sister and my sister-in-law and numerous friends. And from my own mother, I suppose—without really noticing it. I imagine I know quite a lot about babies; probably not true at all. But I like babies, that's the important thing, isn't it? And I read all the baby articles in all the women's magazines; I read the lot!"

And Dr. Spock?

"Oh, I love Dr. Spock. I read that mostly on *Georgy Girl*. We had to read it in one scene and Alan Bates and I became avid readers. We'd sit in a corner and read it for hours, saying '*Did you know this?*'.

"I met Dr. Spock, in fact, in New York. I told him that all my nieces had been brought up on his book and he was delighted. Then he said the sales of his book in Detroit had gone up because *Georgy Girl* was such a success there with us both reading Dr. Spock. His royalties had gone up too, of course, and he was very grateful!

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pictures by ALBERT CLARKE

BELOW: Hayley as the drab, insipid Polly Barlow. It takes a man to change her and that man is played by India's Shashi Kapoor. "He's a sensitive and intelligent actor," says Hayley.

ABOVE: Brenda de Banzie, who plays Hayley's aunt in *Pretty Polly*, last worked with Trevor Howard in the dark war days of 1940. Hayley wasn't even born then!

Hayley changes

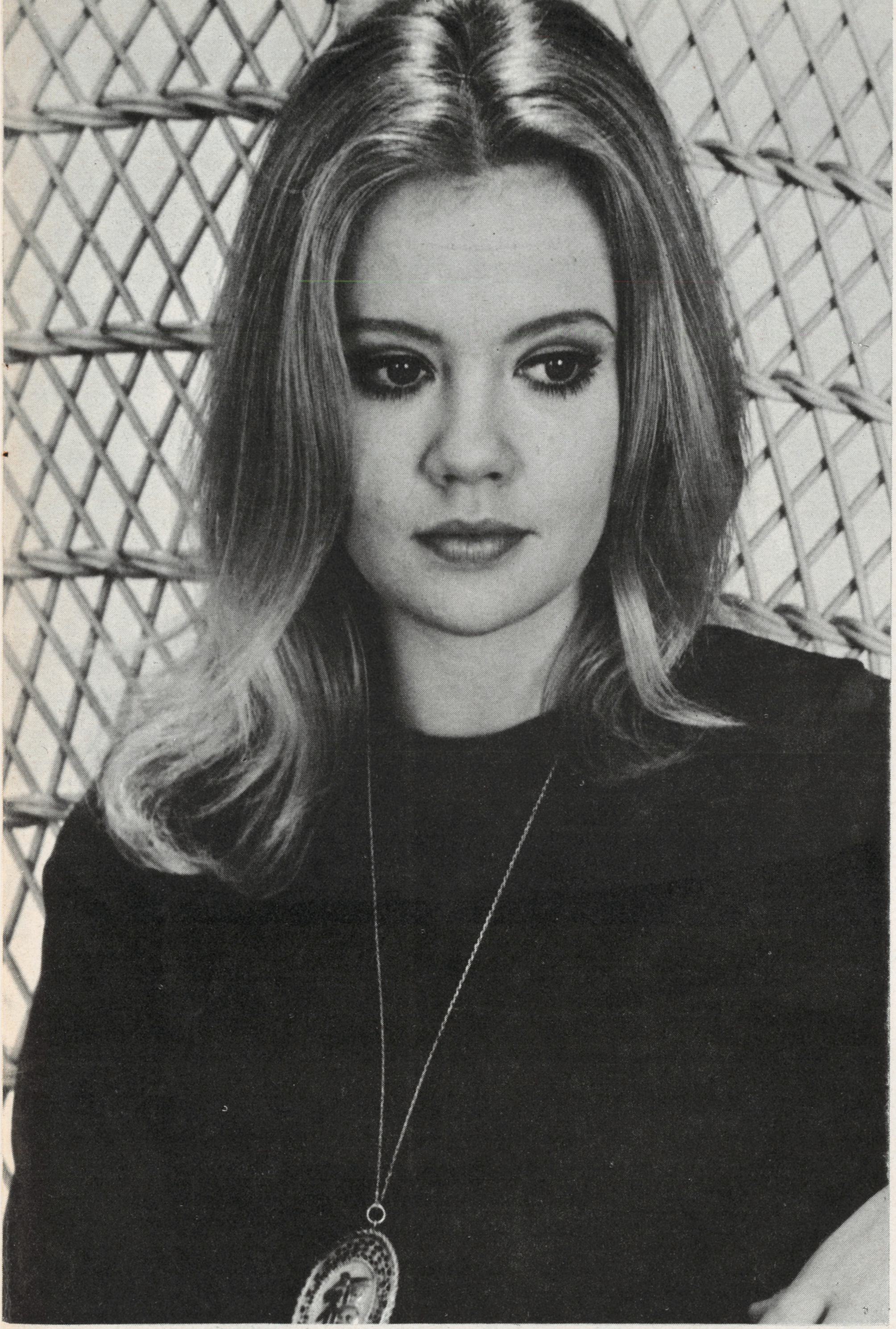
PICTURE PARADE

PRETTY POLLY

HAYLEY MILLS goes through a remarkable transformation in her new picture, *Pretty Polly*. From an ungainly, gauche and plain girl at the beginning of the story, she finally emerges as an elegant, composed and beautiful young woman. Needless to say, a man is responsible for the change.

For Hayley, *Pretty Polly* was yet another challenge in her still young career. Set in the exotic far-away island

☛



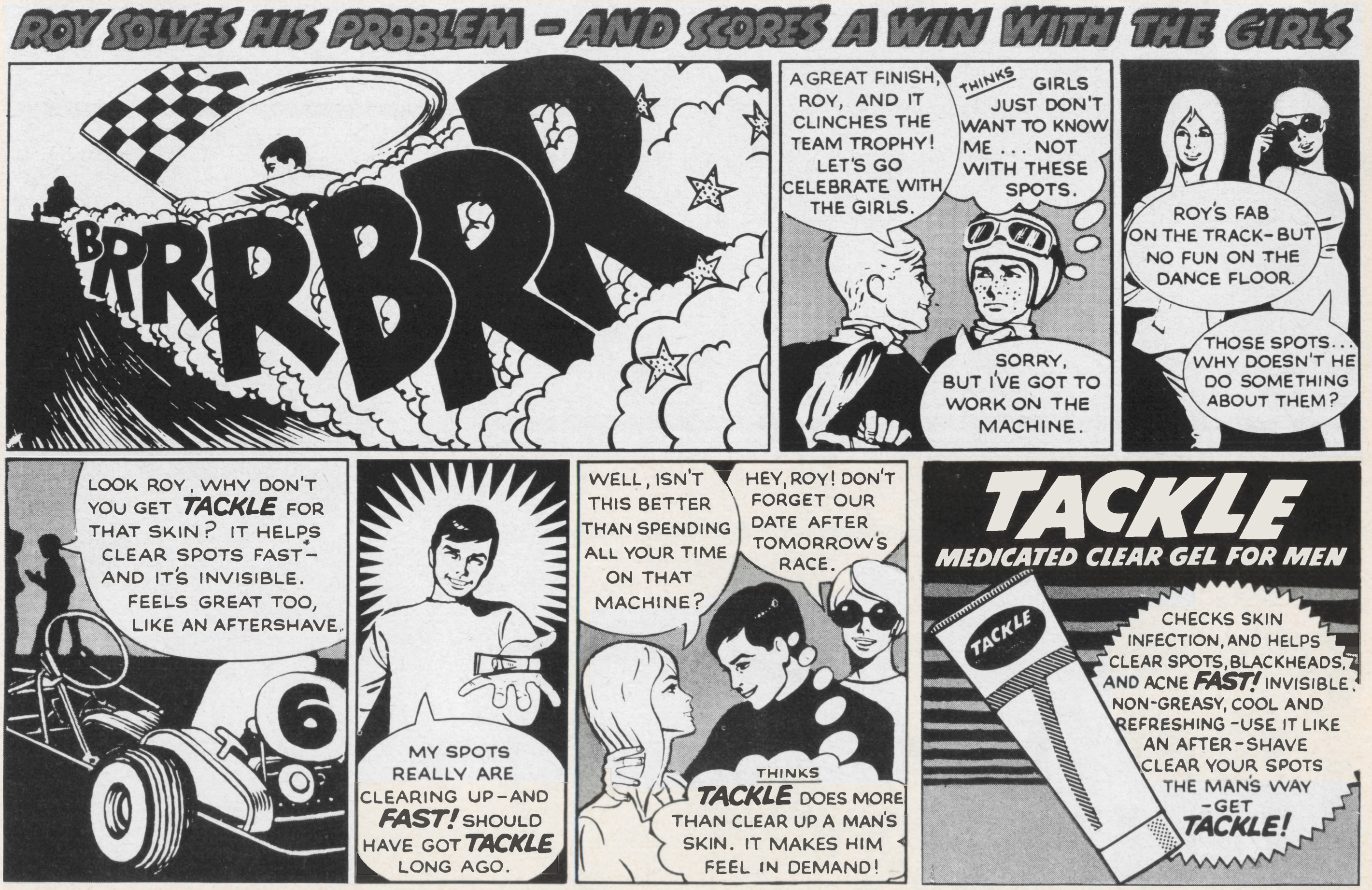
As our picture proves, Polly doesn't remain drab and dull. "Polly is one of the most interesting roles I've ever tackled," says Hayley. "I understand her type. She is frightened of life and shy. I think there's a little of Polly Barlow in most of us:"

face AS YOU CAN SEE!

Shashi Kapoor was born in Calcutta in 1938. He is married and has two sons. Since 1960, he has made 17 films in India.

Kalen Liu, who appears opposite Trevor Howard in *Pretty Polly,* is a 22-year-old Chinese girl who lives in New York. "She plays a girl who is quite a hell-cat—but very sexy," says Trevor. "And she does it very well."

Hayley changes face


ROY SOLVES HIS PROBLEM – AND SCORES A WIN WITH THE GIRLS
BRRRBRR
A GREAT FINISH, ROY, AND IT CLINCHES THE TEAM TROPHY! LET'S GO CELEBRATE WITH THE GIRLS.
THINKS GIRLS JUST DON'T WANT TO KNOW ME ... NOT WITH THESE SPOTS.
SORRY, BUT I'VE GOT TO WORK ON THE MACHINE.
ROY'S FAB ON THE TRACK–BUT NO FUN ON THE DANCE FLOOR.
THOSE SPOTS... WHY DOESN'T HE DO SOMETHING ABOUT THEM?
LOOK ROY, WHY DON'T YOU GET TACKLE FOR THAT SKIN? IT HELPS CLEAR SPOTS FAST–AND IT'S INVISIBLE. FEELS GREAT TOO, LIKE AN AFTERSHAVE.
6
MY SPOTS REALLY ARE CLEARING UP–AND FAST! SHOULD HAVE GOT TACKLE LONG AGO.
WELL, ISN'T THIS BETTER THAN SPENDING ALL YOUR TIME ON THAT MACHINE?
HEY, ROY! DON'T FORGET OUR DATE AFTER TOMORROW'S RACE.
THINKS TACKLE DOES MORE THAN CLEAR UP A MAN'S SKIN. IT MAKES HIM FEEL IN DEMAND!
TACKLE
MEDICATED CLEAR GEL FOR MEN
TACKLE
CHECKS SKIN INFECTION, AND HELPS CLEAR SPOTS, BLACKHEADS, AND ACNE FAST! INVISIBLE, NON-GREASY, COOL AND REFRESHING –USE IT LIKE AN AFTER-SHAVE CLEAR YOUR SPOTS THE MAN'S WAY –GET TACKLE!

of Singapore, the film tells the story of Polly Barlow. Polly is typically surburban. She has mousy hair, drab clothes and there is no romance in her life—until she meets the handsome Eurasian who becomes her lover.

They say that there are hidden fires in all of us; certainly beneath Polly's dreary exterior lies a vastly different girl. A girl who is aching to burst through the bonds of suburban respectability and dullness.

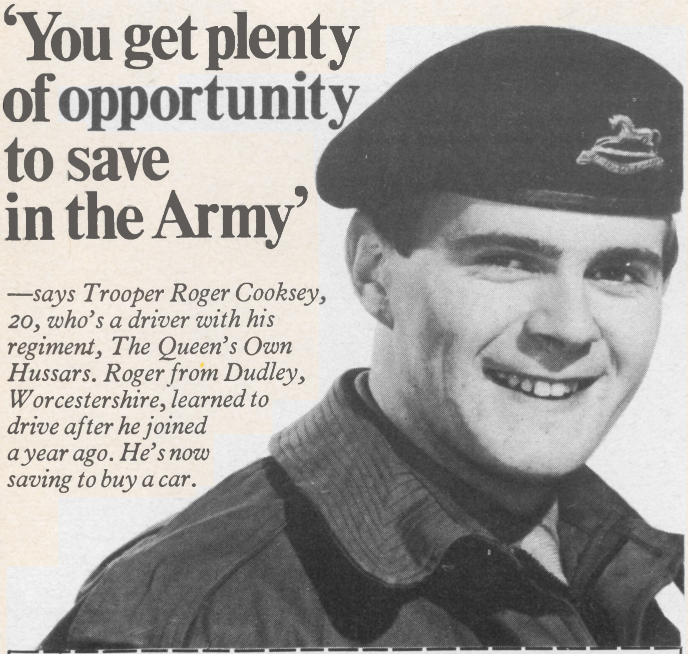
Polly wants to love and be loved and, when the opportunity arrives to live a different sort of life, she grabs it with both hands, firmly believing that one crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name.

Starring in this unusual film with Hayley are Trevor Howard and India's leading heart-throb star, Shashi Kapoor. Howard plays a planter who has gone half-native and Kapoor plays Amaz, the man who changes Hayley's whole life.

Although Trevor has several scenes with Hayley, most of his big scenes are with 22-year-old Kalen Liu.

"Kalen, who is a marvellous little actress, plays the Chinese prostitute who the character I play is shacked up with," explained Trevor. "It's quite a switch for me really because in none of my films in the past 15 years have I got the girl!"

Hayley and Trevor together in *Pretty Polly*. "One thing I'm trying to fight is this dreary hell-raising reputation of mine," says Trevor. "People keep on about it and it's so boring. I'm not a hell-raiser—I just make a lot of noise."



'You get plenty of opportunity to save in the Army'

—says Trooper Roger Cooksey, 20, who's a driver with his regiment, The Queen's Own Hussars. Roger from Dudley, Worcestershire, learned to drive after he joined a year ago. He's now saving to buy a car.

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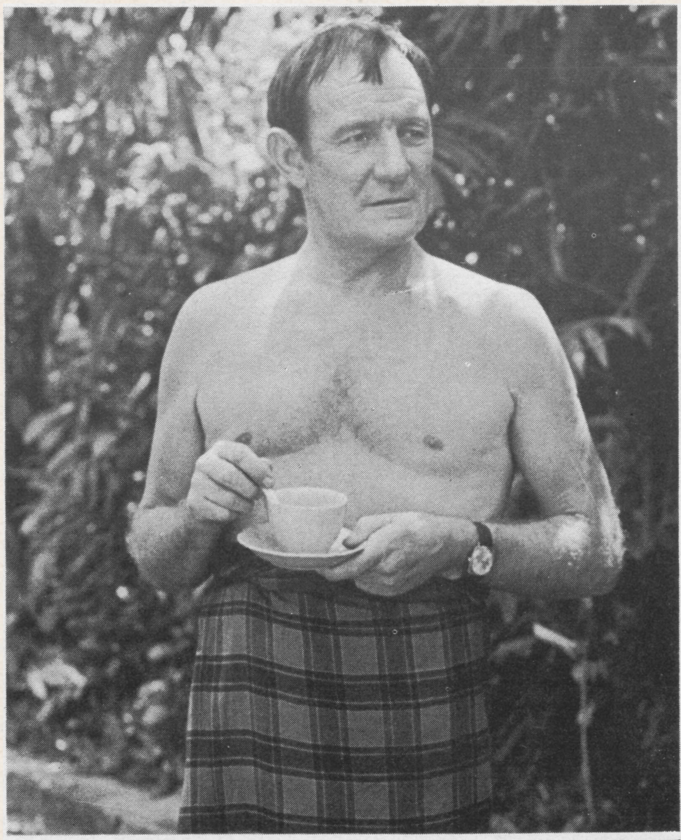
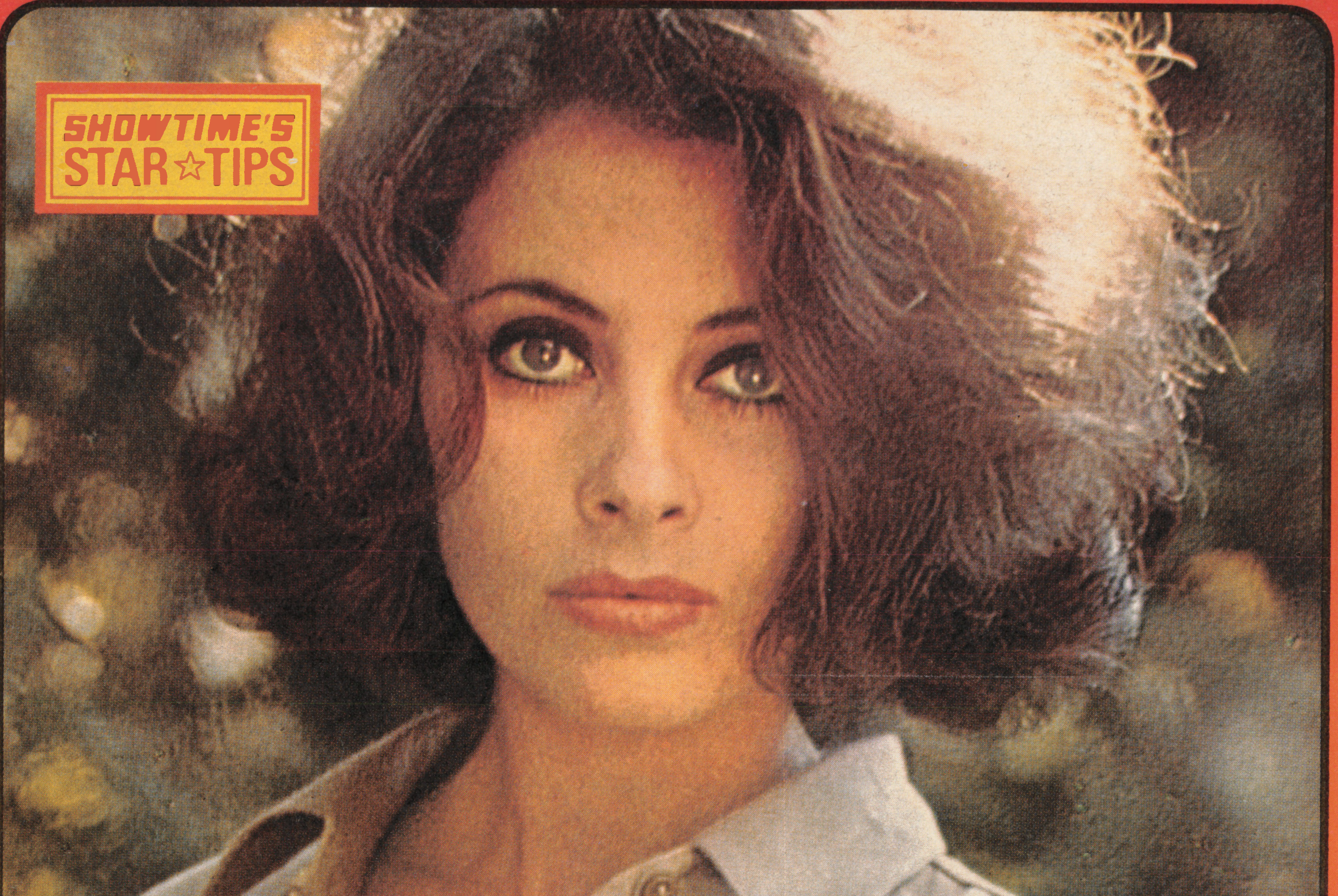


Relaxing on location in Singapore . . . Trevor Howard. While he was making the film he took a great interest in the Chinese. "They're very interesting people," was his decision. "Interesting, but very strange . . ."

JOHN RICHARDSON

SHOWTIME'S STAR☆TIPS



BARBARA PARKINS

Real name:	Barbara Parkins.
Birth date:	22nd May, 1945.
Birthplace:	Vancouver, Canada.
Eyes:	Brown.
Hair:	Red-brown.
Height:	5 ft. 4 ins.
Hobbies:	Painting; watching old movies; and English dates—*a la* John Richardson, Michael Caine, and David Hemmings.

Married twice in that world-wide hit soap-opera, *Peyton Place*—"they call it *Devil's Cauldron* in Latin-America!"—Barbara is still a bachelor-girl and lives with her mother. Mike Caine says she's great fun—"not a Hollywood type at all, but sweet and gentle." Now she's made her film-debut in the new *Peyton Place*-like sensation, *Valley Of The Dolls*.

‘I decided to be an actress at 12. I wrote to Tony Curtis, sending my picture, asking for a job. I've still got his reply—must show it to him one day. He wrote: 'You look a very lovely girl, but a little young for an acting career. I suggest you continue your school work and when you're 18 or 20—and have studied for it—if you really want to be an actress, you'll find success. And he was right.’

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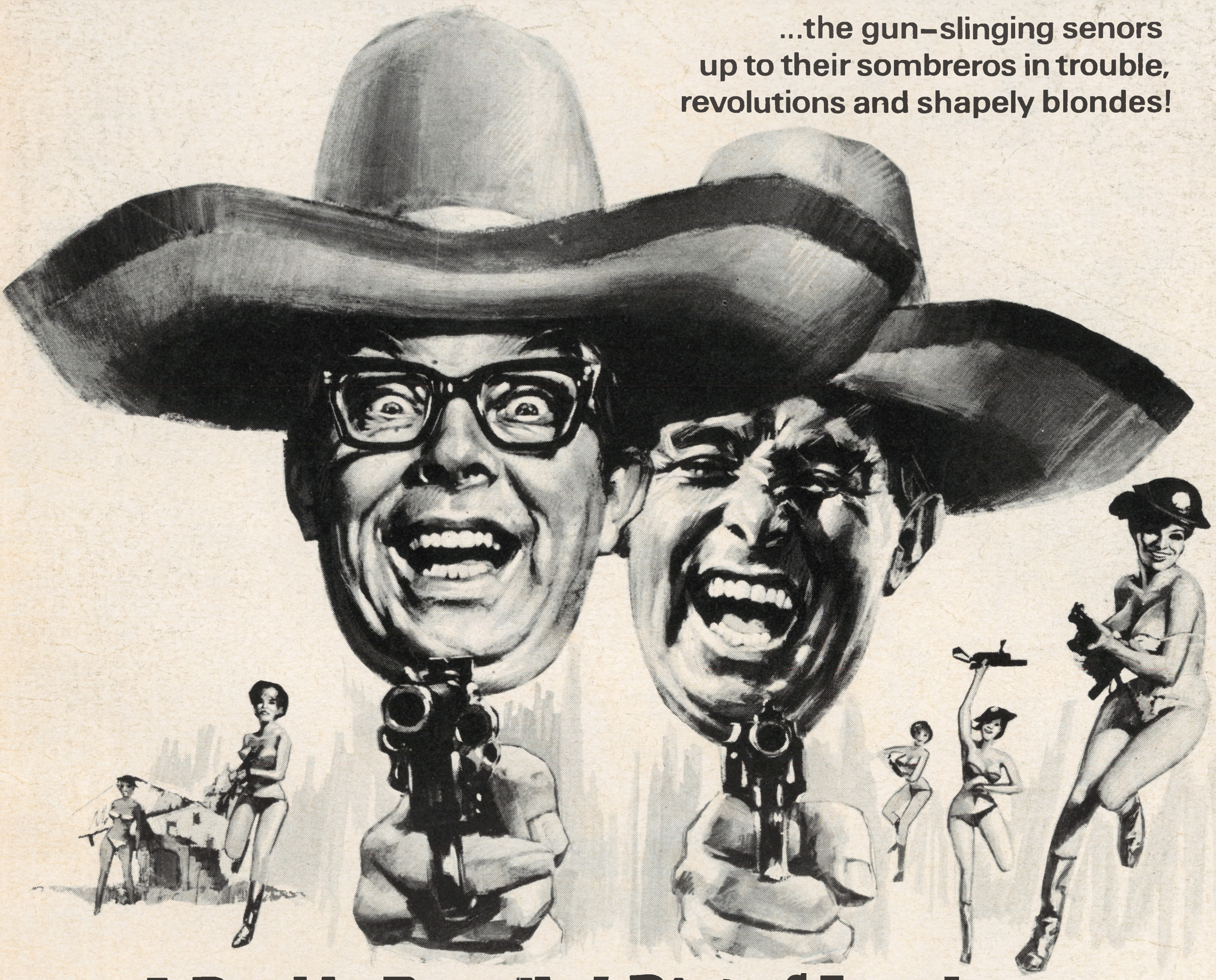

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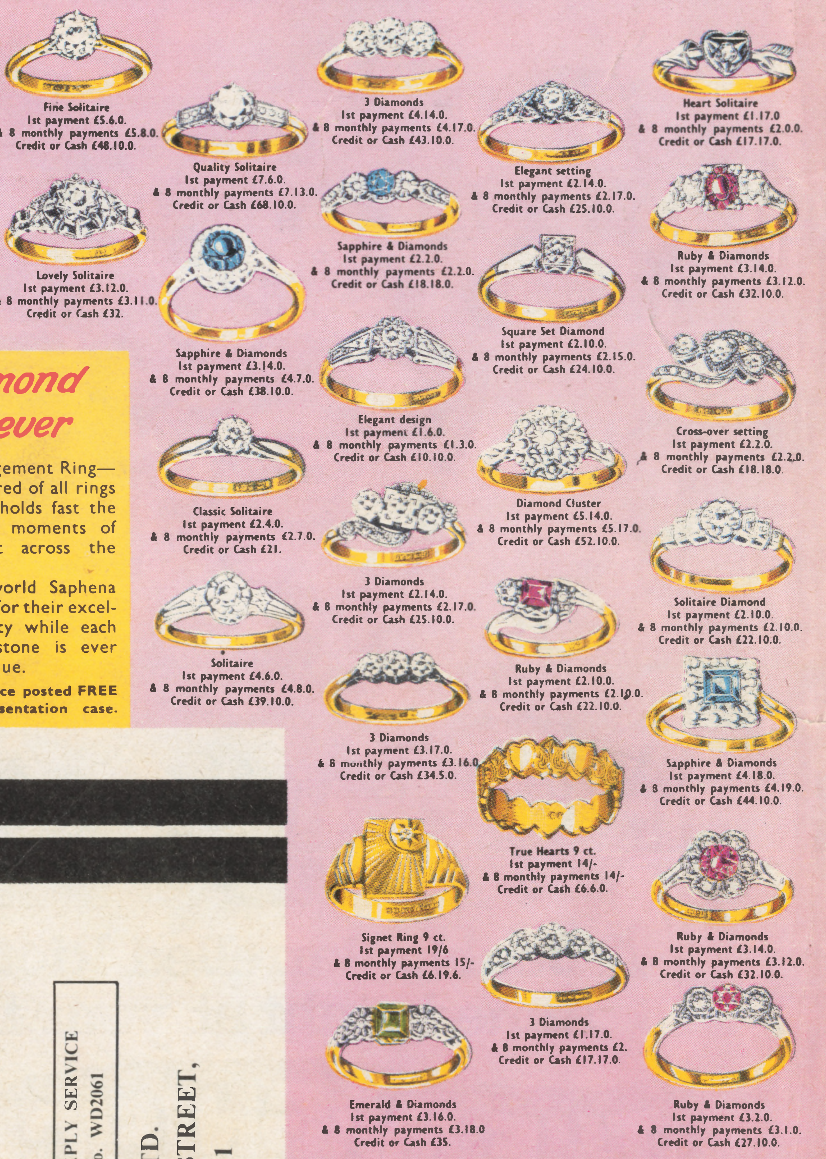

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